THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X No. 4

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS:— A scene from "I, Claudius"; Madras Women Legislators; Three Women Pioneers; Three Brilliant Women Students; a Moroccan beauty; Sidi Ben Sultan; A Caravan in the desert; Sari fashions in England.

PARTING - GIFTS - Evelyn Porter 147
The Spring of Joy AND OTHER POEMS BY MISS MARY WEBB - J. D. S. Paul ... 148
WOMEN AND COMMUNAL DIFFERENCES - Padmini Satthianadhan ... 150
IN LOVELY MOGADOR - Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool - Illustrated 152
WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING FOR DOGS - Eric Hardy, F. Z. S. ... 154
WHAT YOU AND I CAN DO FOR INDIA, PART I - Mrs. A. Mc. Tampoe ... 156
SOCIAL CHARM - *Kamala* 157
CURRENT COMMENTS 159
IN EASTERN STREETS - *Rohini* 164
AN APPRECIATION OF KESHUB CHANDER SEN - *An Indian Woman* ... 165
THE FIRST SUNSET - A fancy - *The Wanderer* 166
REPLY TO AN ARTICLE ON Indian Women - *An Indian Woman* ... 167
OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS:

1. London women become Indians - Michael Lorant - Illustrated ... 168
2. Friendly fancies (*Sister Susie*) 168
3. The use of Kohl (*Sister Susie*) 169
4. Tinted toe-nails (*Sister Susie*) 169

HOW TO MAKE A GREAT HISTORICAL FILM - Michael Lorant - Illustrated ... 169
CHILDREN'S PAGES:

1. My house beside the sea - Verse - *Padmini* 171
2. Modern Schoolgirls - A play - E. R. Tampoe 171
3. Children's sayings 175
4. Two small games 176

HOUSEHOLD HINTS - *Annette* 176
THE HANDLING OF SOME PROBLEMS OF YOUTH 177
NEEDLEWORK NOTES - Lakshmi Subbarao 178
COOKERY NOTES 179
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS 180
OUR TELUGU SECTION 183

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

(PUBISHED ONCE IN TWO MONTHS)

Editor: Mrs. K. Satthianadhan, M.A.,

THE Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918 and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of the *Magazine* to help forward the cause of women's education in India, partly by representing and interpreting the inner life of Indian womanhood as a whole; partly by making itself a mouthpiece for the aspirations of the educated section, in whom our chief hope lies; partly by bringing forward the example of the social, literary and philanthropic work of women of the West; and partly by holding up the ancient ideals of Indian womanhood, which are true and generous enough to be applied in many instances to modern life. It is hoped, therefore, that the I. L. M. will prove a bond of union, not only among the different sections of the women of India, but also between the men and women of India, and between Indian women and their foreign sisters

While fully conscious of the imperfections of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, we hope taht the public will help us to tackle the present situation. We shall be most happy to receive suggestions, and we hope that our journal will have the generous support of all well-wishers of India. We shall welcome articles and pictures of interest, as well a suggestions for improving the Magazine.

THE MAGAZINE WILL CONTAIN MANY ILLUSTRATIONS AND ARTICLES

General,
Literary,
Educational,
Descriptive,
A .character sketch from life or from books,
News & notes on woman's life in India,
News & notes on woman's life outside India,
Special articles,
Stories and fancies,
Serial stories,
Original verses,
Things seen,
Editorial notes,
Correspondence and discussion,
Fashion notes,
Special columns, for Indian women,
Articles for men,
Children's columns,
Household hints,
Cookery,
Needlework,
Book Reviews,
Health Notes,
Chess Notes,
Gramophone Notes,
Medical Articles,
Selections.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Inland Rs. 3-8-0. Single copy As. 8. Foreign Rs. 4.

All contributions, subscribers' orders, advertisements, enquiries, and remittances should be addressed to

The Editor, Indian Ladies' Magazine,

Vizianagaram.

A scene from "I, Claudius". Flora Robson as Livia, the widow of the Great Emperor Augustus (in the middle)
See Page 169

THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol.: X JULY & AUGUST, 1937 No. 4

Parting

YOU move slowly into time,

and I left alone

with a book of dreams.

I must not wait, they say,

for time never returns,

and all things change ;

the sun sets

and the cold mists

writhe into me,

as with slow step

I enter desolation.

Gifts

IF I could fill your purse with gold,

your brain with wisdom,

and your form with beauty

what could I give your soul ?

for, if I gave it duty,

then you might lose

your wisdom, gold and beauty.

Evelyn Porter.

THE SPRING OF JOY

and other Poems by Miss Mary Webb

By J. D. S. Paul

STANLEY Baldwin, fine English country gentleman, that he was, and author of *England*, knew where to turn for that marvellous power of soothing, which comes from the understanding of lovely Nature, akin to that of Wordsworth in philosophical quality, yet touched with the mysticism found in the compositions of Blake, Christina Rossetti and Coleridge. How one longs for our own queen of song and story, someone to write of our birds and trees, of our rivers, from the Godavari to the Tambaraparni, of our Ghats and vallies, someone, who touches ethereally the commonplace with the uncommon, to lift us out of the drab monotony that has overtaken the stream of Indian life. It is only observation, coloured by imagination, idealism, warmth, intention, that can give depth and form and beauty to common things. Note the exquisite quality in Miss Webb: "The pollen grain of chicory—an outer and inner hexagon united by rays—is a rose window in a shrine of lapis lazuli. It needs no light behind it, for it illumines itself."

The love of things for the pure joy of it, the wonder of creation for its adoration, the exposition of the inwardness of objects, of the variety of form and colour, of the symmetry in life, these are the rare qualities of Miss Webb's poems, as she writes of the country around her. "Evening after evening in the summer, I have gone to see the white clover falling asleep in the meadow. The sun makes each leaf transparent and the whole picture is ardent as the face of some angel of a flaming star. As the spirit strives to gather some of the beauty, it longs to be less finite, less bounded."

Her sensitiveness is extraordinarily delicate:

" Like the autumn dove that grieves,
Darkly hid in dove-like leaves,
So I moan within a woe
None may know ".........This almost reminds one of Tennyson. And yet she can touch daily life with acute social observation :

" The endless talk, the critical sly stare,
The trifling social days—and unaware
Of all the bitter thoughts they have of me,
Low in the grass, deep in the daisies,
I shall sleep sound ; safe from their blames and praises."

But amidst this note, she can soar above to that which gives life :

" I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them ;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them."......Throughout, in all that she touches, she is deeply mystical :

" There is a presence on the lonely hill
Lovely and chill ;
There is an emanation in the wood,
Half understood.
... ...
They come upon me like an evening cloud,
Stranger than moonrise, whiter than a shroud.
Though in my childhood days
I knew their ways........."

The love of all things of nature in this queen of song, of woods and trees and of dreams of the soul, runs right through her poetry in a refreshing, yet melodious manner, reflecting nature's rhythm. "Now in any country," says she, "the birds translate their happiness into delicious song. 'Live, Laugh' cries the *chiff-chaff* all day long, careless of elaboration, if he can give his message effectually, cutting the silence with his two small notes like silver shears. The *Tom-Tit*, with its characteristic egotism, shouts 'Me, Me, Me!' The *Yellow-hammer* and the *hedge-sparrow* tell over their short recurring stories. How the thrush sings in April !

' Come hither, love, come here, come here to me !
Now, now, now, now ! come to the yew tree bough !
Sweet dear ! Sweet dear ! Mine ! Mine !
Come, or I Come to you—you—you !
Come here, come here to me !'......He sings in the air as he flies ; he sings on the ground ; he is afire with song."

" Once, on a July morning, I ran through the corn-flower blue shadows of the path to a grove

of young fir trees, and was present at a breakfast party given by the *Willow-warblers.* A good many *chiff-chaffs* and *wood-wrens* were there; they seemed to be vivaciously discussing last winter's African Adventures.......They had invited *Tom-Tits*.......' Poor things they are so provincial'......The conversation being so cosmopolitan, the tits were rather quiet and ruffled of crest. After about an hour, the warblers began to sing, the tom-tits helping, making for the fewness of their notes by shouting at the top of their voices. In the centre, sat one duck who neither dived nor shouted......but quacked... 'O, my sisters, life is very solemn!' "

This is versified prose, characteristic of the poet, and her joy in woods and birds

" The lonely cuckoo calls
With a long hollow sound among the rocks
Of sun-touched sandstone, and the echo falls
Between the straight red pines to me, and knocks
Upon my heart, again, and yet again."

" The swallows pass in restless companies,
Against the pink-flowered May, one shining breast
Throbs momentary music, then possessed
With motion, sweeps on some new enterprise.

... ... we build the crumbling nest
Beneath the dark lanes of the infinite,
We sing our song in beauty's fading tree
And flash forth migrant, into mystery..."

and of a black bird:—

" Sing on, dear bird! Bring the old rapturous pain
In this great town, where I no welcome find..."

Few poets there are, who are generous enough to interpret for us the surging feeling, and the thoughts that deeply stir them in their communion with Nature and Nature's God, and in so doing fill us with new hope. Here is Miss Webb giving the key—" The power of this life, if men will open their hearts to it, will create them anew, physically and spiritually. Here is the gospel of earth ringing with hope, like May morning with bird-song, fresh and healthy in fields of young grain." "Let us join in the abundant sacrament, for our bodies the crushed gold of harvest and ripe vine-clusters, for our souls the purple fruit of evening with its innumerable seed of stars "......" we must go softly if we desire the butterflies' confidence; we must walk humbly if we dare ask an interpretation of this dream of God!"

Scenes of country, wind and water, clouds and meadows, trees, leaves, birds, flowers, children and women, these are the never-failing joys which bring forth appropriate cadence in prose and verse. "One of the most capitivating of these is the rippling of corn. It is so swift, so elusive, that the eye cannot follow it. It is a sea-dream to stand on a little hill and watch the whole countryside in delicious motion, furrowed by the invincible racing shallops of the breezes. The waves wash and break upon the flowery hedges and the remote horizon and seem ready to submerge everything in their foamless flood..." "He who has time and who cares to use his imagination, can see in all natural things, the bowing down of the creature before the Creator "...." the lithe little birches sweep to earth in an ecstacy of surrender; the fir trees lash themselves, the saplings have learnt obedience—their slender elasticity is at the wind's will; only the stiff old oaks and elms refuse to yield and ominous crashes tell of their struggle."

" Never any more O poplar tree!
Shall dawn awaken your song for me;
For a wind came down from the granite hill
And you the friend of my heart lie still."
"The wind came walking in the shaken wood;
He shouted from the mountains and the sea.
By the pale thorn he paused, in lover's mood
And oh, my love! when will you come to me?"

Need we be surprised that the poet holds that " a man, who holds direct intercourse with the cosmic life through his heart and mind, knows a glad comradeship with cloud and tree; there dwells with him a consciousness of surrounding splendour, of swift currents, marvels under-foot and over-head, he has a purpose in waking each morning, a reason for existing—he clings to the beauty of earth as to a garment, and he feels that the wearer of the garment is God." " These hot splendours of sunrise and sunset, of first and last things—red and gold—are the colours of all men-lovers—wealth and the blood that is poured to gain it, scarlet lips and yellow hair, the sacramental chalice and wine within."

The poet is full of the genuine touch of human qualities in such lines as these:

" These are my treasures, just a word, a look,
A chiming sentence from his favourite book,

A large blue scented blossom that he found
And plucked for me in some enchanted ground,
A joy he planned for us, a verse he made
Upon a birthday, the increasing shade
Of trees he planted by the water-side,
The echo of a laugh, his tender pride,
In those he loved, his hand upon my hair
The dear voice he lifted in his evening prayer."

And the love of children :

"They run to meet me, clinging to my dress,
The neighbour's children with a wild unrest;
And sobbing of a strange fierce tenderness
I snatch them to my breast—
... ...
Give hands to hold, and ears to hear, and feet to run
Give me my lesson-books ; fear–love–and sin
And hell to brave, all heaven to win !
Fair fierce life ! what will you do with me,
What will you make me ?
Take me and break me,
Hurt me or love me
But throne me not lonely and safely above Thee
Sweet life !"

Her pictures of life are frank in passion, rich in detail which helps to give reality. Here is the genuine poet teaching us, "Beauty, joy, and laughter are the necessities of our being and nature brims with them. There are some things that always bring joy—a ripple of song in winter, the blue flash of king-fisher down stream, a subtle scent that startles and waylays." "The little creatures of earth are the court jesters of all that dwell in the hall of sorrow. To the poet, joy, laughter and beauty are the broadest river-ways, down which flow the essential life, beyond thought, beyond time, a sea that fills eternity and making material things transparent as a bent leaf in the sun." "As the spirit strives to gather some of the beauty, it longs to be less finite, less bounded; it desires an infinite future in which to reflect universal loveliness."

So this exquisite poet of wood and trees, little known as an artist in verse and prose, this enchanting guide of odoriferous woodlands, soothes and reconciles us to our lot, and with regret, I say to her,

"Farewell, beloved ! since you have grown too dear,
I must be gone, I take my pilgrimage
In haste—so much I love you, so much fear,
Wisdom may grow from tears, peace fall with age !"

WOMEN AND COMMUNAL DIFFERENCES

By Padmini Satthianadhan

THE sporting columns of the Calcutta papers recently published accounts of the unfortunate bad feeling between certain sections of the Moslem and Hindu communities, which arose as the direct result of a foot-ball match. This has, however, been happily allayed ; yet, that such unfriendliness between two *Indian* teams should be the outcome of a friendly match shows that our communities in India are carrying their differences so far as to forget even their sporting spirit, and are using the playing-field even as a medium of disunity. To us women—the situation seems incomprehensible, and the want of public spirit and *esprit-de-corps* almost un-understandable. What is coming to our men, we ask, that they are forgetting their sense of citizenship to such an extent and above all, are making themselves a laughing-stock for other nations of the world ? Moslems or Hindus, Christians or Parsis, are we not all Indians ? Alas, however, the communal spirit seems often to come first in almost all Indian societies—and the spirit of contemplating the glory of India as the chief ideal before us is receding more and more to the back-ground ; yet every true-hearted Indian knows that the only way to raise India back to her past renown and make her in future a greater nation than she is now,

is to unite as one man, no matter what our caste or creed may be, and work for India as our motherland.

Our men, however, in spite of their boasted and very often evident sense of justice and their high powers of intellect and logical understanding of things, still persist in wanting communal representation in everything they undertake in this country.

Travelling in a train one day, I heard an enthusiastic youth say—in connection with some election — "We want community, not efficiency" — which rather trite remark goes to the root of the matter as regards this problem in India. I stress the word *men*, because, as we have realised, *women* have not evidently got this sense of disunion—for when they do take up a public career, they forget all about communities, and work for India as true daughters of India. But, as Mr. Venkataramani says in *The Indian Village of men*: "As individuals we are excellent, but as a collection a fighting mass of agonised atoms. Like the dainty *sampanki* flower, we smile proudly in domestic bunches on the parent creeper, but once knit into a garland we become frail and broken. Individual excellence shines solitarily like a dew-drop on a blade of grass, only to evaporate at the first touch of the rising sun. But a dew-drop, however lovely, can never make up by itself the stream of national life. We bat and bowl brilliantly, but the runs are few and the '*ashes*' are never ours, because for team work we show an innate reluctance. Team work means give and take, mutual forbearance, love, impersonal work and self-sacrifice for a final result, the immediate glory of which may not be reckoned ours."

Is it not encouraging to notice that, though women's voice in India is still but a whisper almost lost in a babble of loud and very superior men's voices, that whisper, if it is heard at all, holds the first fundamental truth of real citizenship, on which alone can the ideals of a nation be built? To the women of this country the horrors of communal differences have struck truly home. Therefore, do we always hear them crying against the very sad state into which so many reasonable men seem to be leading their country astray. While fighting for the vote, the three chief women's organisations in India, viz., *The All-India Women's Conference*, *The Women's Indian Association* and the *National Council of Women in India*, came to the following conclusion a long time ago: "We have repeatedly urged that we do not desire the communal *virus* to enter into our united ranks. We, therefore, disapprove entirely, and shall continue to resist to the uttermost, the White Paper proposals by which women will be elected to the Federal Assembly by an indirect system. We totally refuse to be made party pawns for the purpose of weightage for the convenience of any community—a state of affairs which will surely follow if this proposal is accepted. On the contrary, we desire direct election on an entirely non-communal basis. By merit and merit alone do we wish to find —and we are confident we shall find—our rightful place in the Councils and Federal Legislatures of our country."

It is not merely in theory that women hold up the golden rule of unity and justice for all parties; but they practice it also as far as possible in their public work. Thus, do we see no differences made whatever in conference committees, in ladies' clubs and social work, with regard to the selection of office-bearers, etc. A woman is chosen because of her merit as a public worker, and not because she is a Mohommedan, a Hindu, or a Christian. Cliques there may be in women's organisations and institutes; but these arise because of various opinions the women hold, and not because of communal differences—orthodoxy still exists; but this is because the woman still believes in it, and not because she wishes to do down a woman of another community.

May we not, therefore, hope that men may take an example from women in this case, and forget their communal prejudices, and work towards the good of India, regardless of caste, race and creed?

IN LOVELY MOGADOR

By SHEIKH IFTEKHAR RASOOL

MOROCCO is a country of considerable possibilities to the politician and great interest to the visitor. Its chaotic politics, however, and the international complications which they are apt to engender have no place in my article. The object of my visit was to seek some information for my film, '*The Black Slave*' and that I found there in abundance.

Tangier is the Morocco of the tripper. But the true Morocco is not to be found in a town of telephones and telegraphs. He, who would see the survival of Orientalism in its most essential features, must go South; for in that district which lies between Mogador and Morocco City the spirit of modernity has no place. The visitor is straightaway carried back to the times of the patriarchs, and finds it difficult to realise that this country, whose chief characteristics are backwardness and barbarism, abuts upon the civilisation of the West.

Mogador is within ten days sail of London by coast steamer. But it is one thing to get within sight of the town and (as I found, to my cost) quite another matter to effect a landing. The open roadstead which forms the substitute for a harbour is not conducive to safe disembarkation, if the sea is in angry mood—which it was on my arrival. An enforced visit to Las Palmas was the outcome—a visit not, however, without its compensations. The return voyage to Mogador was attended with happier results, and I succeeded in setting foot on Moroccan soil.

Mogador, walled all round, darkened by narrow streets, and lighted by wide squares, is a typical Moroccan town. Once a regal residence, but now a deserted village, Deabat is in the vicinity of it. Near it are the Sultan's palaces, close to which are the remains of what is said to have been a Portuguese fort. A little distance beyond Deabat, is a palm-tree house, where I took up my abode. It was a veritable oasis in the desert. The outer courtyard, entered by a ruined archway, the inside court or *patio*, with a fountain playing in the centre, and the rooms surrounding the *patio* are all distinctly Moorish in their character. From the flat roof there is a magnificent view, which embraces the snow-capped peaks of the Atlas Mountains in the distant east. The house is surrounded by fragrant white-blossomed broom, and stretching for miles inland is a forest of *argan* trees.

Mogador is a lovely place, its Arabic name being Suerah, which signifies the *beautiful* or *picturesque city*, and the expression in this case is no mere symbol of Oriental exaggeration.

Flees and Beggars

Like most of the Eastern countries, Mogador also is infested with flees and beggars. Directly I sat down the very first morning to have my breakfast, a beggar approached my table. I could not understand what he said, of course, but the general sense of it was fairly obvious. He was sixty-seven years old, and never since the day he was born had food or drink crossed his lips.

He had nine children, all under seven, and was even then expecting his wife to present him with twins. Also, he had no seat to his trousers. This part at least of the story I could check for myself, for the old gentleman very obligingly turned round for inspection. Having concluded his moving narrative, which I hardly understood, he obviously asked 'what was my merciful magnificence proposing to do about it all ?'

And such was my great-heartedness that I fumbled in my pocket for the smallest coin I could find, hoping hard that it wasn't worth more than a farthing. This I gave to him, whereupon the old fellow hastened away to tell other old scoundrels about the perfect gold mine in the way of *mugs* to be tapped in that particular *cafe*. He must have done so, because long before I had finished my breakfast the table was literally infested with beggars and cripples.

Every now and then the waitor would *shoo* them away, but he did it with exactly the same hopeless air with which he flicked his napkin at the flies. For he knew, and I knew, that within a minute or so they would all be back again. Too late I regretted having played the merciful magnificence to the first old rogue; I should have seized my opportunity when he showed me his trousers-seat.

Sidi Ben Sultan

A Moroccan Beauty

A Caravan in the desert

1. A modern "sari" worn by an English society girl.
2. How to wear the Indian shawl.
3.. The " Merry Widow " veil.
4 The round veil.
5. The apron veil.

See Page 168

My First Thrill

My first thrill came when, after a four days halt at Mogador, I set out for Morocco City, the goal of my desire. Having been asked to ride a donkey, I accepted. Accordingly a man complete with two donkeys turned up the next morning. On we went. Trotting comes rather as the second lesson of the donkey-riding manual, and I wasn't yet too sure of lesson one.

Still, there we were, and after going down a mile or so the donkey started the old game for which it is famous. Leaving aside everything else, what I could not endure was that brute's air of positive contempt. It was humiliating for a man like myself to be treated as a mere nonentity by my own hired ass.

If the beast saw anything it wanted to eat anywhere near the track, it would simply go and eat it—particularly if it was anything prickly, likely to lacerate my legs. If it wanted to stop, it did stop, utterly regardless of my urgings. And, when I would try to coax it, my lord wouldn't budge an inch and would nearly have me off. Such impertinence was really unbearable. But what of it ?

Reaching Morocco City three days after, I lost no time in seeing the Mayor Sidi-ben-Sultan, who accordingly presented me to the Sultan of Morocco who assured me of his willingness to do anything he could for me. Then I was asked to be his guest and stayed there for over a fortnight.

Marakeesh

Marakeesh is a city of life and colour. The streets are crowded with people, and the market-places are vividly Oriental in their character. The great mosque and the Sultan's palace are the outstanding buildings of the town, but it contains other features of architectural interest.

I had an opportunity of seeing Marakeesh *en fete*, the occasion being a visit of the French Ambassador. Outside the city gates, 5,000 of the Sultan's troops lined the road for over a mile. They were clad in *gala* costume, the bright and variegated colour of which shimmered in the sunshine. In the evening, I also had the honour of being present at a party given to meet the guest.

Everywhere I went, I was received by the *Caids* in a most hospitable way. Perched on the mountatn sides, far from the *madding* crowd, the hill villages of South Morocco seem to be tucked away under the protecting arms of Mother Nature.

Ignorant of the outside world, with its complicated machinery of social life, with its art and sciences, careless, if ignorant, of the chronic intrigues and cryptic politics of their own country, these simple villagers live self-contained lives in their mountain houses, buying and selling, marrying and being given in marriage, without a thought of their less fortunate countrymen in the cities and the plains. The courteous Caids, who lavished their kindness on me, may have been veritable *Bluebeards* to their people—a common enough condition of things in Morocco—but, looked at from the outside, the hill villages appeared to be abodes of tranquility and restfulness.

Of one thing, however, I can speak with confidence, and that is the scenery. Towering hills and smiling valleys, rushing rivers and gurgling brooks, the brambles growing in such profusion in the lanes as to interlace and form an archway over the traveller's head, and enveloping all in its embrace the wonderful Moroccan atmosphere, whose effects are at once the joy and the despair of the artist,—truly Mother Nature is nowhere more bountiful in her gifts than in this sunny land of beauty and backwardness, contrasts and harmonies, mystery and charm.

The Habit of Sympathy. The gentle ministries of love, which you take time to perform, as you hurry in your busy days, will give you the sweetest joy as you remember them, in the after-days. What these ministries are to those who receive them, you can never know till your own heart is sad and lonely and one comes to you in turn with the true comforts of love. Train yourself to the habit of sympathy, be ready any hour to speak the full rich word of love, which shall lighten the burden of the one you meet. Everywhere are hearts that need and hunger for what you have to give, and God has given love to you, for the very purpose of blessing those to whom He sends you, day by day.

From *The Nursing Journal of India.*

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING FOR DOGS

By Eric Hardy, F. Z. S.

ONE can write a book on what women are doing for dogs in Britain today—nay ! one can write volumes ! The day, when the care of the dog was purely a matter for the sportsman and dog-laws concerned only sporting greyhounds, save in the tales of travellers brought from distant China where 'twas whispered the ladies of the court had a special breed of diminitive lion-dogs that snuggled in the sleeves of their gowns, has vanished, never to return. It is a truism that women are doing just a little more for our dogs than are our men. When I referred to the list of the national clubs and societies relating to the various breeds of dogs, in order to compile a list of women who are founders, presidents or secretaries, I found that they held about half these positions in the few hundred dog-societies we possess. The work of Mrs. C. C. Ellis of Colchester for the *Basset Hound Club*, of Miss Grey for *sheep-dogs*, of Mrs. B. F. Moore for the *Chow Chow Club*, of Mrs. Simpson-Shaw for the *Dandy Dinmont Terrier Club*, and Mrs. G. C. Audsley (with her husband) who organised the *Deerhound Club*, are but a few of the many examples of women conspicuous in work for national dog-clubs. Turning to local kennel clubs and societies, we find that women are equally prominent, but there is no more space than for a few examples at random, such as Mrs. Lines and Mrs. P. Roboon (*bulldogs*), Mrs. A. M. J. Kinder (*toy dogs*) in East Anglia, and Miss H. W. Rogers at Ealing. In the great work of charity and help for dogs, women are equally conspicuous, nationally and locally. One of the oldest and largest Dogs' Home in the Provinces is the Liverpool Dogs' Home, founded in 1881 by a band of ladies under the title of the *Liverpool Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs*, which is now an admirable organisation under the honorary secretary, Miss J. M. Forrer.

One of the outstanding efforts of recent years has been the establishment of a training centre for the *W'Oiel Qui Voit* (*The Seeing Eye*), which is a Swiss dog-training organisation in England, to train dogs, usually ***Alsatians***, to lead blind people through the streets of cities, warn them of traffic, and act in everyway as competent guides for them. The whole of this scheme in Britain—and in the Empire too—was due to the pioneering efforts of Miss Crooke, daughter of a Cheshire doctor, who in 1931 commenced training these dogs in her home and then exercised them through the streets of Liverpool; now a special institution has been established for their training and one meets blind people being led by these trained Alsatians, fitted with special harness, through many thoroughfares abroad and at home, in many places like Birmingham, Hull, Bedford, Stockport, Southamton etc. Miss Crooke explained her plans to me at the outset and I was honoured to give the first press story of her work. Many have followed her and few have not heard of her work. One of the first people to receive one of the dogs trained under her scheme was Mr. Musgrave Frankland, the blind secretary of the Liverpool section of the *National Institute for the blind*, and in his office in the heart of the city, Mr. Frankland told me explicitly how wonderful efficient was his *Dinah*.

Of the writers on dogs, Lady Kitty Ritson and Mrs. Phyllis Robson, who are authorities on ***Alsatians***, are probably the most prominent. From the great world of dog-lovers and owners, few women are not exempt. When the Queen recently visited the North to open the *Manchester Library and Liverpool Tunnel*, her *Scotch terrier Bob* accompanied the royal party, slept in the royal train in the siding at Didcot between Manchester and Liverpool, and then awaited them at Rock Ferry Station, Birkenhead, where the royal party picked up their train after emerging from the Mersey

any exaggeration, the noise made by a few there was like that of a big market place.

3. We must take our share in helping in our homes in all kinds of house-work. The women and girls of to-day seem to have a growing tendency to think any kind of domestic science below their dignity. Our girls are growing up with very false ideas of life, thinking that higher education means that most domestic duties should be relegated to untrained and ignorant servants.

If there are boys in the home, let them have a share in helping in any way they can. We should also see that they have some useful and sensible hobbies, such as gardening, motor and other mechanics, or cleaning and keeping in order their own cars, bikes, guns, bats, etc. Exercise and open air are also indispensable both to the aged and to youth.

All children should be provided with educative toys and books, and never allowed to be at a loose end, especially during holidays, when time is apt to hang heavy on their hands. They must learn to use their leisure properly, for never is there a truer saying than that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Boys, even more than girls, need healthy occupations and exercise, to work off their wild spirits, or they generally get into mischief.

In the average Indian home, children, and particularly boys, are usually allowed to have their own way and to rule the whole house. This means that they are a burden to themselves and to their parents. This is a grave mistake. From their first year, all children should be carefully disciplined and taught obedience above all things. It is idle to imagine that any child, allowed to have its own way for the first six or seven years, can in a moment be expected to obey anyone. The silly habit of letting very young children have their own way for the sake of peace, or for immediate convenience, spells serious trouble and much anxiety not only to parents but also to others later in life. So by disciplining our children, by teaching them good and healthy habits early in life and by parents taking more trouble in bringing them into the way in which they should go, you and I can help to build the India, which can contribute its rightful share to the commonwealth of the world.

"Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle!"

SOCIAL CHARM

THERE is no doubt that too good manners are uncomfortable and too much polish in society artificial. And yet, are not some such things necessary? They are indeed, for they often spell thoughtfulness for others, a constant consideration of guests, a desire to put every one at ease. Too much attention to convention is to be restricted; but too little care for courtesy is as bad. There is convention and convention; gruffness cannot always be heartiness; carelessness cannot constantly be dubbed simplicity; at the same time studied friendliness can be hypocrisy and ultra suavity of demeanour a mere veneer. The happy medium must be found if charm is to be felt; and the foundation for such must be naturalness of conduct. But, if the natural conduct does not conduce to friendliness, what can we do, you ask? Well, then it must be so honestly cultivated that it becomes a second instinct. Are not truth and sincerity of purpose the basis of happy conduct? They are, indeed. Take, for instance those fine stories of Dornford Yates, which, I am sure, many of us love to read. What is the attraction of his gallant heroes and heroines? Nothing but a sincere alertness to every-day affairs. They were always

thoughtful for others; and they ever tried to take a real interest in the affairs of those with whom they came into contact. They made themselves attentive to everything, so that they were genuinely eager to perfect every detail, however insignificant. Their simple enthusiasm was beautiful to notice and a genuine inducement to friendliness of feeling; nor was there perceptible an uncomfortable attention to conventionality, except in certain necessary observances, such as a real courtesy to women, which may to some people appear exaggerated, but which was none the less very happy and comforting; punctuality in keeping appointments, readiness to make as good listeners as conversationalists, appreciation of other peoples' jokes, immense trouble to help others, and the utmost care to keep certain rules of conduct, just because of the necessity to keep faith with others and not to let them down. Thackeray said in his book on *Snobs* that the use of fish-eaters was not needed to better the taste of fish; but there was no doubt that they were necessary utensils when in conventional society, where everybody else used them. In contract bridge, for instance, certain conventions are very necessary, however foolish and wrong they may seem sometimes, and must be observed, in order to be understood by the partner. It should be the same in life, should it not?

One cannot deny that this want of convention often means the heartiest of friendliness; and yet it is sometimes apt to be uncomfortable. Taking bridge again, how necessary for happiness at play it is that outsiders should, without advising or cautioning, be merely silent spectators! Adherence to rules in such respects conduces to fairness of treatment. Still, how often, does it happen that with this usually goes too much attention to the business side, too much casualness of conduct, and what seems to be too little attention to the claims of friendship. And yet, beneath even this, there can be an honest integrity, and loyalty and a true instinct for gentlemanliness. The conclusion hence must offer itself that it is good not to depend too much on exteriors, but to remember that "Handsome is that handsome does." "Manners make a man," says the proverb, but remember that "All is not gold that glitters."

It should not be forgotten that one of the charms of social life is bound to be the tolerant aspect of men and women towards each other. However ardent women may be to claim equal rights with men, should they forget that men have their own rights, and that they love to be left alone to themselves sometimes, just as women like to be in their own company occasionally? Women, therefore, should respect the privileges of men. At the same time, as shown in Ibsen's *Doll's House*, men must be considerate towards women, not treating them as mere dolls, however admired, or as ordinary companions, however loved and appreciated, but respecting the rights of their supposed *weaker halves* to principles, motives and ideas of their own, as important as those of the stronger section. In such happy in-play lies, I think, the happiness of charming society!

—*Kamala.*

A LAUGH

A laugh is just like sunshine,
  It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light
  And drives the clouds away.

The soul grows glad that hears it,
  And feels its courage strong.
A laugh is just like sunshine
  For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
  It lingers in the heart,
And where the melody is heard
  The ills of life depart.

The happy thoughts come crowding
  Its joyful notes to greet.
A laugh is just like music
  For making living sweet.

From *The Treasure Chest.*

tunnel. Queen Maud of Norway is another royal dog lover. The Countess Northesk is a well-known dog-owner and breeder, and owns the fine *Borzoi*, "Petrousha of Addlestone," while Lorna, Countess Howe, is recognised as the foremost authority on *Labradors* in this country, and everyone almost has heard of her famous dog Champion, Bramshaw Bob. Lady Holder is an authority on the *Pekingese*, and Baroness Burton on *Cairn terriers*.

The Pekingese has made great strides in the dog world in recent years, commensurate with the rise of women to 70 per cent of leading positions in dog-breeding and owning circles. Mrs. S. Whitehead, Mrs. R. K. Bevington, and Mrs. Foster Burgess are leading Pekingese breeders. Mrs. Burgess, who comes from the same part of Liverpool as myself, Wavertree, where she first started her Peke kennels, is Vice-President of the *South Liverpool Kennel Association and the British Pekingese Society* and this year was appointed sole judge of the *British Pekingese Club* Show at Southport, a compliment and testmony to her wide authority on this breed. Mrs. Burgess is best known for her famous dog, Red Boi of Idwade, certainly the most valuable dog in recent years, for which an offer of £3,000 was made by an American lady dog-breeder (and refused), probably the highest bid for a dog since some £4,000 was offered before the war for an *Ormskirk greyhound* competitor for the Waterloo Cup. Red Boi, who was bred at the Idwade kennels, has at least 1,000 honours to his credit, and Mrs. Burgess, who has only been breeding Pekingese for show for ten years, bred three champions in three years.

The kennels of the Duchess of Newcastle have produced some of the best *Wire-haired fox terriers* in recent years, and it was the Duchess of Newcastle, with the late Queen Alexandra, who brought the *Borzoi* into prominence in this country. Mr. Oliphant of Andover, secretary of the *Bloodhound Hunt Club*, Mrs. Edmunds and Mrs. Elms, are famous for their trained *Bloodhounds*, just as is Mrs. Willins for her *St. Bernards* and Mrs. Horsfall for her *Great Danes*. Miss Dorothy Buck, the authoress, has done much to pupularise the big, lanky, racing *Saluki of the Far* East, as did Mrs. Edmond Foljambe, the African traveller, the curious *Rhodesian lion dog*, so named from the ridge of hair along its back. Mrs. Foljambe introduced a brace of these African dogs to her home at Workshop, Notts, six years ago.

Mrs. Bell-Murray (wife of Major Bell-Murray) and Miss Jean C. Manson, secured the first *Afghan hound*, one of the oldest and most curious of sporting dogs of the East, as closely guarded by their Ethiopian Sheiks, as the Arab guards his steed; and named her *Begum*, and not till four years later was her mate, *Rajah*, obtained. A little later, four other hounds were obtained, and these were all brought home to Scotland to the well-known Cove Kennels. At the *Sesquicentennial Exposition* in Philadelphia a few years ago, the well-known American fancier, Joseph P. Widener, purchased the first American Afghan hound from Miss Manson, and introduced it to the States from the Scottish kennels.

It has been estimated that this year women dog-owners and breeders account for almost 70 percent of the total, and this large increase of women in the dog-world in recent years has been evident at the shows where, in increasing numbers, the leading prizes are going to dogs, like Pekes, owned by women, instead of to the dogs of men, like *gun-dogs*, which have held the ring so long.

WHAT YOU AND I CAN DO FOR INDIA

(A NEW SERIES BY MRS. A. MCG. TAMPOE)

PART I

IN these epoch-making days, with so much talk of peace and war, democracies and empires, *Swaraj* and Dominion status, freedom and power, it is more essential than ever to ask ourselves the all-important question—"How can I help my country?"

We are clamouring for education, for women's emancipation; we are trying to help in civics, doing some social service, etc.; but have we yet paused to realise what the real reasons are why we find our problems complicated and difficult to solve? The women's Civic Study Group in Madras is working hard to ensure better sanitary conditions, to have cleaner markets, purer water and to promote the health and happiness of all; they are also making parks and playgrounds for our children. This is all to the good.

But perhaps neither we, the Madras Women's Study Group, nor anyone else, have remembered that the city, (like the sub-continent of India!) is made up of individual *families*, and that as such, we have not *yet* succeeded in disciplining even our own families and servants adequately. My next-door neighbour is not troubled with the fruit-peels, scraps of paper, old tins, broken glass, etc., in her compound, with the result that the breeze, crows, vultures and dogs usually like to share them with us, whether we want to or not!

My own family staff perhaps have no concern about shouting to each other, breaking stones with washing clothes, or letting children shout and howl even between 1 and 4 P.M., when most people like to rest or read and have absolute silence.

If the daily habits of my family are unhygienic (or insanitary), it may or may not affect me, but there is just the possibility that my neighbour's health and comfort may be seriously impaired! How can a great nation of 354 millions be disciplined, if and when each individual family ignores discipline absolutely?

Obviously, my neighbours cannot enjoy the full benefits of keeping their houses and compounds clean and tidy, if my unclean house and compound are a constant menace to them! If I let germs breed in my house, my poor neighbours will naturally stand in danger of them almost as much as I do, with so little space between houses as we have to-day.

For most of our troubles in India for which we are solely responsible, we are apt to blame fate, or our poverty, or some similar imaginary force. Sunshine, fresh air, and water are the chief aids to health and cleanliness. Let us make the best use possible of them by keeping all our doors and windows well open, day and night. A few inexpensive blinds and curtains will ensure all the privacy we need.

All education should fit us to be better citizens, and more useful members of society, otherwise it has failed in its main object. Some may ask in what ways, for instance, we need disciplining ourselves. In a word, may I say that we need to do so in every detail of our daily lives?

1. Let us get up early, knowing that if we lose an hour in the morning we shall be all day hunting for it and never find it. We must take our meals punctually at stated hours, have our baths, work, and rest daily at the same time if possible.

2. Let us learn from our earliest years to speak quietly at all times and in all places, unless we are obliged to make ourselves heard in a crowd! I was going round a museum in one of the most important cities in South India, and, without

MADRAS WOMEN LEGISLATORS

MRS. M. HENSMAN, M.B.E., B.A., (Lond.) who has been elected to the upper house of the Madras Legislature.

1

O.P.S.

MRS. RUKMANI LAKSHMIPATHI

DR. MRS. LAKSHMIDEVAMMA

3

PHOTOS : No. 1 EMPIRE PRESS PHOTO SERVICE
NOS. 2 3 4 EASTERN NEWS PHOTOS, MAD

1. A complete examination by a competent doctor early in pregnancy.

2. A dental examination early in pregnancy and the care that is needed.

3. Medical and nursing supervision, care and instruction during pregnancy.

4. Attention to any problem that may affect the health of baby or mother.

5. An aseptic delivery supervised by a competent doctor with skilled assistance.

6. Medical and nursing supervision, care and instruction after delivery, until the mother is able to resume her usual activities and to carry the additional responsibilities of a new baby.

7. Postpartum examinations one, two and three months after delivery with follow-up treatment if indicated.

8. Arrangements for the health supervision of the baby and for the further care of the mother when she needs it.

Besides this, the education of mothers before the birth of the first child is necessary, if

MADRAS WOMEN LEGISLATORS

O.P.S. MRS. YAKUB HASAN

MRS. ANJALAY AMMAL
6

Mr. Seth Mahmoud Yakub Hasan and Mrs. Yakub Hasan have been elected to the Madras Legisla-

~~but perhaps neither we, the Madras~~ Women's Study Group, nor anyone else, have remembered that the city, (like the sub-continent of India !) is made up of individual *families*, and that as such, we have not *yet* succeeded in disciplining even our own families and servants adequately. My next-door neighbour is not troubled with the fruit-peels, scraps of paper, old tins, broken glass, etc., in her compound, with the result that the breeze, crows, vultures and dogs usually like to share them with us, whether we want to or not!

My own family staff perbaps have no concern about shouting to each other, breaking stones with washing clothes, or letting children shout and howl even between 1 and 4 P.M., when most people like to rest or read and have absolute silence.

If the daily habits of my family are unhygienic (or insanitary), it may or may not affect me, but there is just the possibility that my neighbour's health and comfort may be seriously impaired! How can a

e

ci
so
obj
ins
a w
in

1
if
sha
fino
pur
bat
if p

2
to s
plac
ours
rour
impo

MISS G. AMMANNARAJA
8

N NEWS PHOTOS MADRAS

CURRENT COMMENTS

1. *Co-operative schemes for women.*

We are glad that *co-operative* schemes for women are coming into popularity, or at least consideration, in India. At Tirupati, we hear that the objects of the movement were explained to women and it was hoped that they would soon start a co-operative society there. The members of the staff of the existing societies are ready to offer their help at all times, of course. The *Hindu* reports a session of the *Co-operative Women's Guild* at New Brighton, at which requests were made for the endowment of motherhood and family allowances as a recognition of the value of motherhood, and for prevention of the birth of children in prisons. It was recognised, however, that it would be better to press for increase of social service than agitate for State reform.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that lately some notice is being taken of the supposed reluctance of Indian Companies to insure women's lives. Of course, the risk is more in the case of women than of men, on account of maternal mortality and the want of enough lady doctors to investigate the health of women candidates. If such risk is balanced by reform, and by increased interest taken by educated women as well as by men in the matter, there will be much done to safeguard women in their old age, and in distressing circumstances like young widowhood, etc. I believe, it is the custom to charge ½ per cent extra for women's lives; but otherwise not many Indian Companies have any objection to insure women's lives.

In this connection, it would be wise to notice that the *Pensions Bill*, now before the British Parliament, denied women the same rights for insurance as for men; and that some speakers at the late conference of the *British Commonwealth League* objected strongly to this inhibition

2. *Maternal care.*

Whether this means the care of mothers themselves, or of children by mothers, the question is of great importance. It is sad, that, as Dr. G. K. Bowes writes : " In place of early marriages and more or less continuous child-bearing, and an attitude of mind which regarded child-bearing, as a natural and necessary process, we have now late marriages, prolonged birth-control, later child-bearing, fear of giving birth to children, and an attitude of mind which is in part cause and in part effect of these conditions. In correspondence with this mental attitude, the whole process of child-bearing tends to become more and more difficult and abnormal, and in consequence to be accompanied by greater morbidity and mortality".

This result can only be balanced by increased care for women. At the late conference on *Maternity and Child-welfare* at the *British Medical Association* house in London, a great deal of stress was laid on the matter. It was mentioned in the *Hindu* that it was affirmed that much care was necessary for expectant and nursing mothers. The diet should not be excessive, but strengthening ; some good ingredients being plenty of milk, fresh eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables, whole-meal bread, sea-fish, meat, butter, cream and cheese.

In this connection, let me note eight "*musts*" from the *Parents' Magazine*, for expectant mothers:

1. A complete examination by a competent doctor early in pregnancy.
2. A dental examination early in pregnancy and the care that is needed.
3. Medical and nursing supervision, care and instruction during pregnancy.
4. Attention to any problem that may affect the health of baby or mother.
5. An aseptic delivery supervised by a competent doctor with skilled assistance.
6. Medical and nursing supervision, care and instruction after delivery, until the mother is able to resume her usual activities and to carry the additional responsibilities of a new baby.
7. Postpartum examinations one, two and three months after delivery with follow-up treatment if indicated.
8. Arrangements for the health supervision of the baby and for the further care of the mother when she needs it.

Besides this, the education of mothers before the birth of the first child is necessary, if

they are to look well after their children. It should be general, "consisting of the elementary principles of physiology, dietetics, hygiene, housewifery, nursing, cooking, eugenics, and possibly first aid. One of the most disappointing results of the whole welfare movement was the extent to which the primary objects of the consultation centre—the teaching of mothercraft—had been subordinated to the far less important purposes of serving as distributing centres for food, and treatment clinics for minor ailments. If these abuses of the functions of the centres were more generally recognised, the highly successful fall in the mortality and morbidity rates among infants would show still further improvement."

It was remarked that such mother's care alone could " save children from something like 90 per cent of the greatest dangers." I would like to mention here the remarks made by an Indian *Daily* on the " killing of unborn babies in Britain," which shows a state of affairs to be wondered at:

"Killing of unborn babies is increasing in every part of Britain in every class of society. One infant in every five is slain before it is born, and there is a lengthening death roll of married mothers due to this traffic. Experts who have investigated every aspect of maternal and child mortality for the Ministry of Health have reported these conclusions. 'It seems,' says the report, 'that the practice of artificially-induced abortion is frequent, appears to be increasing, is more prevalent in some districts than in others, and is not restricted to any one social class. The number of deaths in England and Wales ascribed to criminal abortion is increasing.'

There are many more deaths from abortion among married women than among single girls, but abortion is responsible for a great proportion of the deaths among unmarried mothers. There is urgent need for the education of women respecting the damage to health and the danger to life from such artificial attempts to terminate pregnancy, which may be classified into three main groups, namely—drug-taking, violent exercise, and illegal operations."

Alas, the stress of life in modern days allows many such evils to creep in, and to this I cannot help adding the modern custom of *birth control.*

3. *Women in Bengal.*

A very interesting article which may well be taken to include the whole of India, was written for *Modern India* by Miss Usha Biswas. After pointing out that there exist two parties, one of which approve of women's advance, and the other regard it with fear on account of anticipated dangers to domestic peace and happiness, she wonders what course the feminist movement should take in Bengal.

" Should the emancipated women of Bengal be contented with the freedom of thought and action within the home, which is considered to be their true sphere ? Or should they follow in the footsteps of their Western sisters and turn out to be the rivals of men, ousting the latter from their legitimate sphere ?"

Miss Biswas speaks happily, however, of the advance of women already made in Bengal. There is an increase in the demand for girls' schools, she says, in the number of graduates and writers, in the shaking off of *purdah*, in the free appearance of women alone in streets, in buses and public conveyances and at meetings, in the participation in public dramatic performances and in the conduction and participation of public conferences, in attendance at co-educational institutions, etc. But there is still much to be done in many ways.

Miss Biswas affirms that it is necessary to be definite in our claims. She says:

"We women, do not want to be the competitors of men in their present-day hard struggle for existence, and spurn domestic bliss and happiness. The capacities and occupations of men and women may differ altogether. But that difference should not affect their happy companionship in any way. Our Poet has given beautiful expression to the idea as to what should be the ideal function of a wife, in the concluding lines of his famous Playlet, entitled *Chitrangada*, and has put into the mouth of Chitrangada, the wife of Arjun, the very claims of the modern emancipated woman : 'I am not a goddess. Neither am I a petty woman: I would not like to be extolled and worshipped as a semi-divine being. Neither should I be slighted and thrust into the background as an inferior creature. If you let me stand by you through the perilous path of life and share the burden of your cares and anxieties, if you allow me to lend you a helping hand in the fulfilment of the onerous duties of

your life, and to be a comrade and a helpmate to you and through life, in weal and woe, then only you will be able to find a right estimate of any true self.' "

The writer insists on the *education* of women first of all, not only on elementary lines, but in higher education also, on the *same lines for women as well as for men*. She deprecates the present tendency to claim a different kind of education for women than for men. There is no doubt that provision should be made to teach special domestic subjects to men, but " women, as a class, should not be deprived of the chances of higher intellectual education and advanced studies. They have a legitimate claim (to be educated as solidly and in the same branches of knowledge as men). Yet, as Bertrand Russell says, the aim of education should be,

' to discover special aptitudes in boys and girls so that where they exist they may be carefully developed in the later years.' "

The *economic* conditions of women should be improved by throwing open a larger number of professions to them; and there should also be *technical* and *industrial* education, as well as *physical* training. Early child-marriage should be banned, thus reducing premature motherhood; *widow-remarriage* should be encouraged; *purdah* should be abolished, and the better health of women should be encouraged by their admission to *more free air*; the *dowry-system* should be completely done away with; the *expenses* of marriage ceremonial should be reduced; there should be equal rights for women as to men to dissolve the *marriage contract*; better facilities in legal matters should be allowed; and the same standard of morality should be laid down for men and women. This latter meant that " a much more lenient and tolerant attitude ought to be taken up towards those unfortunate women, who are sometimes made to suffer for the crimes of others. Those who have gone astray should be reclaimed from the path of sin and should not be abandoned for good by their friends and relations. Homes should be opened for the purpose of affording these unlucky women shelter as well as honest occupations. Organized efforts should also be launched to save our women from the clutches of the ruffians, who constitute such a serious menace to the peace and morals of our country." And thus, with the advance of her women, will our India also advance; for, as Whitman remarks: " The sole avenue and means to a reconstructed society depend primarily on a new birth, elevation, expansion, recognition of women."

4. *Democratic rights of women.*

Many were the resolutions determined on, and the speeches made, by women at the Thirteenth Annual Conference in London of the *British Commonwealth League*, thus proving not only the ability of women to speak for and advance their own interests, but also their capability and fitness for claiming the rights thus demanded. The chief subject discussed was *The Duties and Rights of Women under Democracy.* Under the new settlement of economic relations anticipated, the value was stressed of voluntary service in civic training; for it was pointed out that it was not possible, on account of the early school-leaving age and the size of school-classes, for school-teachers to train children in citizenship. The further extension of the franchise to women in India was brought forward as an example of the spread of democracy; and Lady Hartog, as well as our own representative, Begun Sultan Mir Amiruddin, spoke of the unexpectedly great part taken by women in the recent elections, in view of which it was anticipated that women could be more represented in Assemblies in India than in any other country of the Empire.

Then, it was affirmed that the British Commonwealth of Nations had the great responsibility of seeing that equality with men was granted to women. There was, for instance, the need for the extension of franchise in Bermuda to women, who were fighting hard for this right; there was a necessity also to give equality in nationality to women who married aliens; other measures, which demanded equality and justice for women generally in nationality, were to be seen to, especially as family unity was no longer recognised; and bills needed reconsideration, like the *Pensions Bill* now before Parliament, which denied women the same standard for insurance as for men.

Norway, Australia and New Zealand were doing much in the matter; but much had yet to be done. Then the questions were taken up of equal work and equal pay for women, and the necessity not to class women with young people, as in the *Factories Bill*, but to look upon them as adults; it was also pointed out that it was not right to lower the pay of women on the

ground that they needed less food, but that tables of public nutrition should be drawn up in direct relation between income and diet; women also should be granted like men a full substantive wage or allowance; it was stressed that it should be obligatory to make physical recreation equally available for both sexes up to 21 years.

Finally, all this equality was possible, because *democracy* meant *peace* and not *force*, and caused all nations to be inter-dependent on each other, because their status was based on the fine principles of the *League of Nations* and the *International Peace Campaign.*

5. *The All-India Women's Conference.*

The report of the eleventh session of the A. I. W. C., held at Ahmedabad in December 1936, is a comprehensive one. The cost of it, including postage is Re. 1/4/- and copies can be had from the Hon. Organising Secretary, Mrs. Dina Asana, opposite Gujerat College, Ahmedabad. The names of well-known and educated *Ranis* and ladies are included in the list of Patronesses; and the office-bearers for 1937 are people essentially in the public eye, most of the Provinces of India being represented. Mrs. M. G. Cousins, the President, is too well-known for us to enlarge on her capabilities and whole-heartedness of purpose.

The welcome address by Lady Nilkanth, the message from far and near from friends headed by Mahatma Gandhi, the Presidential address, the addresses by famous speakers, the reports of the various sub-committees and sections, the many splendid resolutions on all affairs affecting the welfare of women, have been all reported at the time of the Conference, and there is no need to reproduce them here. The report shows good and all-round progress in the various constituencies, educational, political, social, including rural and labour fields, industrial, medical, maternity and child-welfare work; while the Liaison groups in the West have also been active. The lines of work laid down for future guidance are well thought out and comprehensive; the duties of the Committee members properly divided, the rule of procedure of existing constituencies and those for the starting of new ones, efficiently rendered. The history given of the various sessions of the A. I. W. C., the memorandum of all the resolutions passed, the lists of old workers are interesting; while the various fields of work in India, comprising almost the whole area of India, is a fine proof of the efficiency and capability of Indian women in organisation. All honour indeed is due to those who have worked so gallantly hitherto for the advancement of the womanhood of India; and may all encouragement be given to those, who are intending to carry it on further. Let me quote the President's closing remarks, which will express the spirit of the whole affair,

"The new year is knocking at our doors. May it be a year of international peace! May our India realise her dreams for freedom, unity and prosperity. May our Women's Conference work increase in all spheres of life from its centre of the Unity of all for the common good. May each one of us here go forth with fresh encouragement to create a fairer, fresher world around us, guided by our deliberations and resolutions of this eleventh session, which I now declare closed."

6. *Stray notes.*

In the course of his address at the Convocation of the Indian Women's University, Bombay, Dr. Paranjpye, Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University, said that, whatever might have been the drawbacks of higher education through English and neglect of vernaculars which had been the characteristics of the educational system for the last hundred years, the study of the English language and literature, of science, history and philosophy has been mainly responsible for the growth of the spirit of nationalism in India. It would be a great mistake to do anything which would cut us off from the mainspring of national progress.

"My ideal is that every educated man or woman who is in a position to influence to any degree his or her fellows should be effectively bilingual."

The speaker uttered a warning against the narrow nationalistic ideas to which expression was often given by some leaders.

Continuing, he said, women had shown a truer instinct in the political struggle than men. Even though they were few in number, women in public life had not shown themselves narrow or communally minded. He hoped women would continue to preserve this sound insight.

Addressing the outgoing graduates, the speaker said they were expected to play their roles as wives and mothers, but they must play them better because of their education.

... ...

In large and world-recognised literary competition, two women have beaten all the men entrants !

The Hawthornden Prize of £100, one of the most coveted literary distinctions, is awarded annually for the best work of imaginative literature by a writer not over 40 years of age. It was founded in 1919 by Miss Alice Warrender. Miss Ruth Pitter, who is this year's winner, receives the prize for her volume of poetry, "A Trophy of Arms."

The prize of £1,000, awarded to a member of the teaching profession, has been won by a Manchester schoolmistress, Miss Nora K. Smith. She has beaten all other entrants from the teaching profession with her novel of Derbyshire farm life, "A Stranger and a Sojourner," in a competition run by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the well-known publishers.

... ...

A "School for Brides," similar to those in Japan, is to be opened in Shanghai by Mrs. Tokuko Okada, a Tokyo dress designer, who has come here for that purpose.

Local Japanese girls will now have an opportunity of "preparing themselves to make happy marriages."

The school will provide "a complete course in the difficult science of attaining the greatest possible amount of domestic comfort with the smallest possible expenditure."

Lessons in the care of new-born children, cookery, dress-making and flower arrangement will be included in the curriculum.

— *The Hindu.*

7. *News from Ceylon.*

Miss Abusha Bibi Marikar, eldest daughter of Mr. H. O. L. Marikar, who is a Ceylonese by birth, being the son of the late Mr. T. C. H. Marikar of Kattukelle, Kandy, is the first Muslim lady M. B. & B. S. of the Madras University. She was awarded a gold medal by the Educational Association of Southern India in 1929.

She was also the first Muslim lady to join the Madras Medical College where, she was the Secretary of the Muslim Association.

Her father emigrated to India in 1890. He is a member of the Board of Agriculture in Travancore and ex-member of the Travancore Legislative Council.

... ...

A matter which engaged the particular attention of the conference between the Minister of Health, the Director of Medical and Sanitary Services and representatives of the Planters' Association of Ceylon and the Ceylon Estates' Proprietary Association, was the question of providing maternity benefits to estate labourers.

On this question, it was considered that no fresh legislation was called for, but certain definite conclusions were reached.

It was decided that for one month after the birth of a child the mother should receive one-eighth of a bushel of rice and 75 cents in cash each week.

It was further agreed that a cash bonus of Rs. 2 should be given to the mother, if at the end of three months the child was alive and well.

For at least one month after confinement a labourer would not be required to work.

The Ordinance provided that the estate should supply at its own cost sufficient food and lodging for one month to every female labourer giving birth to a child on an estate.

As regards the question of hospital facilities for maternity cases, it is learned that the conference agreed that one maternity room at least should be provided, where up to 250 labourers are employed, and that there should be an additional room for every further 250 labourers.

Estates, situated within a five-mile radius of a Government or Estate Hospital, where provision for maternity cases existed, were to be exempted from the requirement to provide their own maternity rooms. If a labourer declined to use a maternity room provided on the estate, she need not be entitled to claim the cash bonus of Rs. 2.

—*The Ceylon Observer.*

IN EASTERN STREETS

By Rohini

EVEN the most confirmed stoic cannot help grumbling at the modes and manners of our Indian streets—so entirely devoid of reason and common-sense seem the average pedestrian and bullock-cart driver, the cyclist and *Tonga* or *Jutka-wallah.* All those, who have experienced the comforts of motoring in the West, and come back to lazy, lackadaisical old India, cannot help looking back with envy to the delights of a country-road in Europe, when they meet a line of bullock carts reposing in the centre of the road, not taking the least trouble to move out of the way. And yet, as a cart-man once told an irate motorist, "carts were made before motors," and so naturally, according to our Indian philosophy, they can monopolise the roads.

An enthusiastic Police officer once undertook the education of the cartmen of his district. He made a point of stopping every cart, which he saw jogging along either on the wrong side, or the middle of the road—and waited patiently until it moved over to the right side—afterwards telling the cartman politely that he should "keep to the left." Happening to witness this procedure once or twice, I smiled to myself, for I could almost swear that the cartmen had their tongues in their cheeks and a twinkle in their eyes.

No! Motoring will never be a success in India unless roads are made separately for motorists. One looks forward to those days, when our dreams may come true and local Municipalities and District Boards will rise to providing the cartman with a road for himself, and motorists with a thoroughfare of their own—but even then, alas—unless a police-man is kept at the entrance of each route to prevent misappropriation, we may perhaps see the ubiquitous bullock-cart jogging along a motoring road!

... ...

Take the Sacred Bull for instance! It is a most surprising fact that in great and up-to-date cities like Bombay and Calcutta, traffic in important thoroughfares has to be stopped in order to humour this animal, who may choose to chew his cud in the middle of the road; but religions die hard in India—and the sacred bull is—well, sacred. There are strange stories of these bulls demolishing whole vegetable and fruit stalls in the market-place and of the shop-keeper looking on in awed silence at his holy patron, until all his wares have vanished. Can these tales be true, however? Will not the need for living and earning money overcome even religious scruples?—and yet India *is* such a land. Whereas the money-lender may extract the most exorbitant interest from a starving peasant, he will probably give away a bag of gold to his village priest.

... ...

The *pedestrian* in big cities, can be more unselfish on the whole than the ordinary street-walker in India; good, broad, clean pavements are provided for him, which is not useally the case in the country. Take Chowringhee in Calcutta for instance. There is a comfortable pavement there, and very few pedestrians need walk off it to the main road; and yet, one cannot help wondering why so many pavements, when they *are* provided in India, are seldom used. The pedestrian sometimes prefers the centre of the road, where he runs the risk of being knocked down by irate motorists, and has to dodge left and right to avoid hurrying traffic, till he reaches the safety of the pavement. But then, India would not be India, if all pavements were used by all pedestrians. The street-walker's dream-like, straying quality is one of the charms of this country,

... ...

Would one ever see a barber setting up shop in the open streets in Europe. Would he be allowed to let his customers' sheared locks go flying about the thoroughfare?—But that is what happens in India. The bar-

THREE BRILLIANT LADY STUDENTS

Miss Elizabeth Varkey,
of Tiruvella, who has topped the list of successful candidates in the M. A. degree examination of the Madras University, taking the first place in the first class in Botany.

Miss C. M. Goodwin,
aged 19, who has passed the B.A. examination of the Nagpur University 1937, obtaining the Radhabai Paonasker gold medal for standing first among the women candidates, and the Vice-Chancellor's gold medal for the highest marks in English.

Miss M. S. Radjou
is the first Indian lady who has graduated in medicine from the French India Medical College. She is also the first Indian lady graduate (French) of the Paris University.

Photos : Indian News Agency, Srirangum

THREE WOMEN - PIONEERS

1

2

—Photos :— The Empire Press Photo Service, Madras.

3

—Photo :— Indian News Agency, Photo-Artists, Srirangam.

ber is quite happy attending to his customers in the middle of a most up-to-date pavement, just as much as the beggar occupies it as his home—and the sweeper as his dust-bin. Is it because there is lacking a sense of the spirit of good citizenship in India? Perhaps for this same reason even the wealthy Indian doesn't hesitate to scatter torn paper on the Indian highway. Likewise, many beautiful picnic spots in this country are spoilt by the thoughtlessness of previous merry-makers, who leave plantain-leaves and papers about in careless disorder.

Such inconsiderate behaviour is not often found in the Westerner, but this may be because he has been trained from his childhood to consider the beauty and welfare of his country as even more important factors than his own individual comfort. When our Indian children are trained on lines of such patriotic citizenship, we may expect a newer and cleaner India—and there is no doubt that such a time is drawing nearer.

... ...

It is not always the fault of the man on the street, however, that our thoroughfares often look so untidy. Apart from the slackness of higher authorities in cleaning and scouring our public highways, the dire *poverty* of the people of India often necessitates their making their home in a street. Why else do we see so many people sleeping on the pavements? Merely because they cannot afford to have a roof over them! Alas—when will the demarkation between the extremely poor and the rich in this country be levelled up to more reasonable standards?

An Appreciation of Keshub Chander Sen

BY AN INDIAN WOMAN

KESHUB Chander Sen was one of Bengal's mystic reformers. Born in the year 1838 at Calcutta, of a well-placed orthodox family, he grew to be a very good leader of men and organiser of reforms.

In his younger days, he was of a very shy and reserved nature and spoke little. To be worldly was a sin to him and hence he greatly avoided luxury, saying of it, "Thou art the road to perdition—I will rule thee or thou wilt lead me to death."

From a very young age, he set about many tasks and later joined the more elder reformers. He acquainted himself with Davendranath Tagore of the renowned Tagore family, and, though he differed from the latter in some ways, their friendship was deep and they worked together for a long time in the *Brahmo Samaj* movement. Keshub Chander Sen started a daily newspaper '*The Indian Mirror*,' and he established the Calcutta college in 1862.

Keshub Chander Sen's relatives, being orthodox, felt it difficult to cope with his new reforms. They asked him to give up his schemes of reformation; but his resolution stood firm and he was turned out to earn his own living. Even his wife was brought away by him from her family in a forcible manner, after much trouble.

After working for some time in the Bank of Bengal as a petty clerk, Keshub Chander Sen was made a minister of the Brahmo Samaj movement and he started many meetings for religious conversation. He tried to popularise his mission all over India. Many theists even from overseas became interested in it, like Sir Francis Cobbe, and Sir Francis Newman. Keshub Chander Sen was deeply interested in intermarriage and widow re-marriage and tried his level best to bring these two into action.

Keshub Chander Sen liked Christianity and the ideals therein. He once lectured

on "Jesus Christ in Europe and Asia." This lecture pleased the then Viceroy greatly, though it incurred the displeasure of many of his fellow people. After this introduction to Keshub Chander Sen, the Viceroy invited him to Simla, where, being much moved by the beauty of the Himalayas, Keshub wrote "A Voice from the Himalayas." Keshub Chander Sen was also asked by Government to draft laws on Hindu marriages.

Keshub Chander Sen proceeded to England, where Queen Victoria and many distinguished personages were kind to him. He received the impression that Westerners were not so spiritual as Indians, but were more practical. On his return from England, he met the sage, Rama Krishna Paramahamsa, whose centenary has been recently celebrated widely. Greatly engrossed by the sage's piety, and feeling the vast difference between himself and the great man, he gave up his craving for fame and authoritative influence, and became absorbed more in concentration on God.

He celebrated his 45th birthday with many friends and distinguished guests ; but that was his last birthday, for his health was fast failing, and he died in January, 1884.

THE FIRST SUNSET

A FANCY

IN the dim distant past, there was a time when night and darkness never existed. The sun shone throughout without break or stoppage. There was no division of time in matters of rest and labour. People worked when they liked and rested when they felt the need. To us of the present day, used to the routine of day and night, such a period may seem a chaos of confusion ; but to people of that era, there was nothing unusual.

After a time, the sun felt chagrined to think that his services were not counted of as much value as they ought to have had. It struck him that his presence would be recognised only when his absence was felt and regretted. The light cannot be hailed with delight, he thought, if there is no darkness by its side to enhance its value. And one day he betook himself to God Almighty and thus petitioned— 'Sire, I find it a strenuous job for me to work throughout and lighten the world without a moment's respite from labour. It is too taxing and I plead that some division of time be made for me to distinguish between work and rest. Earthly inhabitants can follow suit and it will bring about no chaos in earth or heaven.'

The omnipotent called his Prime-Minister and together they discussed the vexed problem. After a long and heated debate, they agreed to sanction the demand of the petitioner and a partition of twelve hours' work and twelve hours' rest was accorded to the sun. The decision was conveyed to him and he went back over-joyed at the success of his mission. He shone more brightly than ever and eagerly awaited the time when he would startle the occupants of the earth below by his hitherto unknown departure. The hour drew nigh and, in triumphant glee, he marched on, down, down to the West with lingering steps as if challenging any who dared to waylay him.

On the earth's surface, all was confusion. The 'Sun-God' had been a permanent asset and no necessity had arisen for the advent of lamps—a commodity wholly unfamiliar to people. They began to cluster around in groups. Some were giving vent to various exclamations, some were haranguing in vehement language about the dire catastrophe that would soon befall the mortal world—the enemy (dark-

ness) was coming to beseige them and the 'Son-God' had been murdered as a preliminary. 'See!' exclaimed one pointing to the skies—'the murder has only just been done. The whole palace of the Sun-God has become a vast pool of blood. The blood is almost trickling down to the earth! Oh, what are we to do!'

Almost the whole populace gathered beneath the blood-red roof. Their panic-stricken faces bespoke the agony they were enduring. 'Where is the murderer gone to? If we can find him anywhere, we shall certainly fight him down,' exclaimed some of the boldest. The wise man was called for and was asked to find the reason of the impending catastrophe. He was expected to know all, and to show ignorance over anything was degrading to his status. He came, stared at the sky, and blinked at the gathered crowd. Here was a phenomena which even his acute, fertile brain failed to tackle. How was he to satisfy his questioners without his dignity being lost? He assumed a look of grave intelligence, nodded his sagacious head once or twice at the bystanders staring into his face in eager expectancy. Luckily for him, their attention was suddenly attracted by a boy that came running up to them, exclaiming — 'Oh, the Sun-God has committed suicide. I have just seen him jumping into the sea.' 'No, no,' exclaimed the wise man, enlightened all on a sudden, 'he has but gone for his bath. The blood-red hue is of the garment he has kept by. Oh ye fools, you have unnecessarily disturbed me from my meditation.' It was a random shot. He himself had vague misgivings as to the reappearance of the vanished deity and felt that he would have no peace of mind until that happened.

There was no sleep that night. Throughout the twelve hours, people watched in anxious silence for the Sun-God's return. That super-human deity, visibly elated, with all ambitions satisfied, came forth in all his glory, donning his royal crimson garb again. People, one and all, prostrated themselves in thankfulness and adoration before him. He had achieved his due and was mollified. He had the usual routine of rest from that time onwards and by and by people grew accustomed to it. Yet, even to this day, there are so many who keep up the custom of prostrating before the sun at dawn. It is also said that he blesses those favourites of his with an extra amount of energy and strength.

—*The Wanderer.*

Reply to an Article on Indian Women

BY AN INDIAN WOMAN

A reply by an Indian woman to the article on Modern Women written by B. Satyanarayana in the July-August, 1936, issue of the I. L. M. That article ran as follows:

"THEY go to the city as regularly as their husbands do. Their excuse is the shop; their attraction is the restaurant. They knock about with other people who knock about, not many of them are faithless to their marriage vows, but they are faithless to their children, faithless to their homes, faithless to the great moral traditions of their people. They regard duty as a dull and narrow rut. When they are hungry they drink tea; when they are raked by nerves they smoke. The slightest illness brings them to collapse.

Tell them it is wrong to be immodest. They will point to the heights, laughing you to scorn. The old idea of the mother finding her heaven in her home and her immortality in her children is no longer the fashion. The great central idea of the human race, 'A pure womanhood,' is ceasing to inspire the heart of our modern women."

MADRAS LADIES' HOCKEY: Hockey has been tremendously popular in Madras among women. There have been a series of excellent matches conducted by the Madras Cricket Club, the Madras United Club, and the S. I. A. A.

THE EMPIRE PRESS PHOTO SERVICE, MADRAS

of protein, some pulses giving about 20 to 25 per cent; milk 4 per cent; oil-seeds, if included, 20 to 25 per cent; and vegetables 5 per cent. When meats are taken, 20 per cent. protein more is added.

Fat is urgently required in the human system, and is really not the cause of adding fat to the body, as is usually surmised. Fats serve many purposes besides the supply of energy, and that in more than double the proportion of proteins or carbohydrates; they act as purveyors of vitamins A, D and E, which are soluble in them and as utilisers of mineral salts, chiefly of the calcium required for teeth and bones; they prevent too much acidity, protecting the intestines from injury. About 1/16th pound of fat is required for an adult, or, 1 gram per kilo of weight; most of it being absorbed, except a small quantity which passes out. Fats are derived from nuts, oil-seeds, butter, ghee, milk and some parts of the animal body.

Carbohydrates supply energy by giving the calories not derived from fats and proteins. They are all used up in the body sooner or later, in the latter case being stored up as glycogen, which is required in periods of starvation. They can be had from cereals, sugar, some fruits and vegetables, and do not cost as much as the other two staple requisites; yet because of that they should not be allowed to form too much of the diet, a pound of this being enough for the professional adult, and a little more for labourers.

These constituents of food are called "proximate principles" and are assessed in caloric values, the quantity being arrived at by multiplying the grams of protein and carbohydrates of a diet by 4 and then adding the fat contents multiplied by 9. Thus 70 grams of protein and 450 grams of carbohydrate multiplied by 4 give 2080, to which is added 75 grams of fat multiplied by 9, equalling 675; giving altogether 2755 calories, which are required.

Now, we come to the minerals, which are required for the body, which contains normally about 7 pounds of such matter. Besides building up and repair, minerals help to coagulate blood, keep up the tone of the cells, the osmodic pressure and the solvent power of the fluids, and help digestion. Hence, they are very important in the growing period. They can be supplied by foodstuffs, chiefly vegetables and salt.

Roughage is very necessary for digestion, assimilation and intestinal movements, and can be had from vegetables.

Water is very important, since it has to make up two-thirds of the body, while also being required for constant elimination. Water dissolves solid foods, and also dissolves and carries away waste products. Fruits and vegetables supply water in addition to pure drinking of it.

The subject of vitamins is an important one. Their use was discoverd only in 1911, when the letter *e* was added at the end, but later dropped. Vitamins are present in very small quantities in foodstuffs, but are very necessary for life. There are five chief groups of these, labelled, A, B, C, D, E; A, D and E being fat-soluble, and B and C, water-soluble.

The absence of Vitamin A in the diet causes not only impairment of growth, but also an eye-disease, called xeropthalmia and night-blindness. The vitamin is found in fish-liver oils, particularly of halibut, cod, etc., butter and eggs. It is not present as such in the vegetable kingdom, but exists as carotene in certain vegetable foods and can be transformed *in vivo* into vitamin A.

Vitamin B includes a number of separate factors termed B1, B2, B3, B4, etc. The first is present in the germs of seeds, eggs, yeast, wheat and rice bran, some vegetables and fruits, and glandular tissues like liver and kidney, and is absent in highly-polished rice, so largely consumed by the urban population in South India; its want therefore causes *beri-beri*. The addition of soda or other alkaline material during cooking kills this vitamin.

Vitamin B is found in legumes, milk, eggs, meat, fish, and certain vegetables, in yeast, in the dhalls (red, black and green grams) and in leafy vegetables like amaranth and coriander; bitter gourd, brinjal, etc., containing it only in traces.

Vitamin C is found largely in green leafy vegetables and fruits, amaranth leaves, green chillies, coriander leaves and drumstick leaves. It is not found in cereals and pulses, but it is generated in them during germination. This is the one vitamin, whose chemical composition, constitution, etc., have been thoroughly worked out and synthesised in the laboratory. It is easily destroyed by heat and by oxidation; its absence in the diet giving rise to scurvy.

Lack of Vitamin D causes rickets, a disease associated with defective bone formation. Ultraviolet irradiation has the property of synthesising this vitamin, and mere exposure of our bodies to the sun's rays is enough to ensure an adequate supply of this vitamin. Its deficiency in India, except where certain social disabilities like *purdah* exist, need not be feared.

The want of Vitamin E causes sterility. It is present in wheat germ oil, yellow corn oil, butter, etc.

Mr. Ranganathan thus writes of the general properties of Indian foodstuffs:

" For purposes of this study, they can be broadly divided into the following classifications: Vegetables (leafy, non-leafy, roots, tubers, and others), fruits, cereals, pulses, oils, and oil-seeds, milk and milk-products, condiments and spices, meats and other fleshy foods, etc. Vegetables are, in general, poor sources of the 'proximate principles,' but are a good source of mineral salts, particularly of iron. They have, therefore, a low calorific value. They are of special value where a supplement of mineral salts and roughage is needed. The leafy vegetables are exceptionally good sources of iron. They are rich in both calcium and phosphorus, and contain more calcium than phosphorus. Roots, tubers and other non-leafy vegetables are not such good sources of mineral salts. The leafy vegetables again are rich in vitamin C and carotene (precursor of vitamin A)—some of them contain B_2 also—while the other vegetables, though not as good sources of vitamins, contain appreciable amounts of them.

The fruits commonly availabe in India are comparatively poor sources of the 'proximate principles' and mineral salts, but they are a good source of the essential vitamins, chiefly carotene and vitamin C. They supply to some extent iron needed for the body.

Cereals form by far the larger proportion of our diet. Typical cereals contain about 10 per cent protein; the range is from about 7 to 12. They are rich in carbohydrates. Fats and calcium are present only in small amounts in them, while iron and phosphorus are present in fair amounts. They contain as a rule more phosphorus than calcium, just the reverse of green leafy vegetables. To cite an instance, rice contains in its ash 69·4 per cent. phosphorus and only 2·04 per cent. calcium. It is, therefore, advantageous to mix cereals and vegetables in our diet to reach a correct optimum calcium-phosphorus ratio. Millets, like cholam, cambu and ragi, resemble other cereals such as rice, barley, maize, etc., in composition, while pulses (dhalls etc.) are good sources of protein. The latter are somewhat richer in most chemical constituents than the cereals and are over twice as rich in proteins. They are perhaps the most common source of vitamins B_1 and B_2; they also contain a little carotene.

Oils are wholly fats; they contain other ingredients only in insignificant amounts. The oil-seeds, though also rich in fats, contain in addition proteins in fair amounts. They have consequently a high calorific value. They are also rich in calcium, phosphorus and iron; they usually contain more phosphorus than cal-

cium. They contain carotene to some extent.

Milk supplies proteins, fats and mineral salts; it is comparatively poor in iron. Milk is the only almost complete article of food, containing the various ingredients in optimum proportions and in an easily assimilable form. Hence, it is assigned a place of honour in the dietary all the world over. It contains vitamins A, B_2, C and sometimes D. The composition of milk is greatly influenced by the feed of the cow; the more nutritious the feed, the richer is the milk in the various ingredients. Owing to the poor quality of the feed of Indian cows, the milk is consequently poorer as compared to that obtained in Western countries.

The fleshy foods are rich in protein; they are also good sources of iron and of vitamins, especially B_2.

The condiments and spices have nothing special to recommend them; they are fairly good sources of iron; some of them are also rich in calcium and phosphorus.

I should like to mention at this stage two inexpensive foodstuffs, grown and available in abundance in India, and which, in the light of recent studies, are of high nutritive value. They are amaranth leaves and soya bean. For a leafy vegetable, containing nearly 86 per cent. water, amaranth is extraordinarily rich in protein, mineral salts and vitamins A and C. Thus, it contains 5 per cent. protein, 0.50 per cent. calcium and over 20 mgs. per cent. of iron; it contains 2.5 gms. of vitamin A activity, or carotene, and 175 mgs. of vitamin C per 100 gms.; it is also rich in vitamin B_2. It is cheap, particularly in the rural parts. Soya bean is unique among the pulses and contains over 40 per cent. protein and about 20 per cent. fat; it contains in fair amounts vitamins A, B_1 and B_2. In cost, a pound of it can be had for about an anna, and the amount of money expended, if evaluated in terms of protein and fat, is very small. A food which nearly approaches soya bean in its composition is ground-nut, which is also grown in abundance in India and which can be bought very cheaply. Ground-nut contains, in comparison with soya bean, less protein and more fat. A mixture of soya bean and ground-nut in judicious proportions could with profit be slowly introduced. The possibility of using milk, prepared from a mixture of soya bean and ground-nut, as a food for infants, is being explored.

The question may be raised whether it is possible for the lay housewife to ensure an adequate supply of the various ingredients of food for all the members of her household. The members of a household are not all of the same age and hence they vary in their requirements of these ingredients. Again, requirements for normal periods of life may be insufficient for abnormal needs, e.g., pregnancy, etc. But, the housewife need not worry about such questions, so long as the diet she supplies her household is reasonably varied, contains a liberal supply of whole cereal grains, milk and milk products, fair amounts of fresh green leafy vegetables and raw fruits."

"THE greeting smile, the kindly gift, the pleasant speech and native courtesy — these four are characteristics of a man of truly noble birth."

Tirukkural.

CURRENT COMMENTS

1. Reform in Hindu Temples

Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy is still working hard for temple reform, and she craves for two urgent needs, viz., first, prohibition of drink in temples:

"Temples should preach sobriety and sanity and purity of life; and to conduct festivals and daily worship from income derived from the vice and the immorality of the people will never make our people moral. The Government will not incur any loss by immediately preventing the letting of temple trees for toddy-drawing, whereas by such an act, the Hindu temples will become great factors in promoting health and morality."

The second is "the total prohibition of dedication of girls in temples and other places of worship and of the Devadasi service in the Hindu temples, which are equally necessary in the interests of religion, morality, health and even humanity."

Mrs. Reddy writes: "We do need a prohibitory measure to abolish *in toto* the dedication or *Gajja Puja* ceremony, that is now allowed in our temples, as well as the service of the Devadasis in temples, as in Mysore, Travancore, Cochin. After this question was raised in the Madras Council, Bombay has since passed an Act prohibiting dedication of girls and the Devadasi service in the Bombay temples. My amendment to the Hindu Religious Endowment Act deals only with the Inam holding Devadasis and there are a large number of Devadasis, who do not serve temples, who do not possess inams, but still get the licence of the temples for a life of prostitution. The present Madras Act leaves the option to the Devadasis and hence is defective. In some places, the temple authorities themselves insist upon the Devadasi service and persecute the Devadasis for not doing service, while in other temples the Devadasis do not wish to give up their ancient profession. Both the parties need education by a prohibitory measure."

Gandhiji wrote in *Young India* about this matter: "I heartily endorse the writer's proposal. Indeed, I do not think that the proposed legislation will be in advance of public opinion. The whole of the enlightened public opinion that is vocal is against the retention of the system in any shape or form. The opinion of the parties concerned in the immoral traffic cannot count, just as the opinion of keepers of opium dens will not count in favour of their retention, if public opinion is otherwise against them. The Devadasi system is a blot upon those who countenance it. It would have died long ago but for the supineness of the public. Public conscience in this country somehow or other lies dormant. It often feels the awfulness of many a wrong, but, is too often indifferent or too lazy to move. But if some active spirit like Dr. Reddi moves, that conscience is prepared to lend such support as indifference can summon up. I am therefore of opinion that Dr. Reddi's proposal is in no way premature. Such legislation might well have been brought earlier. In any case I hope that she will receive the hearty support of all lovers of purity in religious and general social life."

2. Women Readers

An article by Indira Devi in the *Bulletin* of the *National Council of Women* in India, mentions that there is much difference in the literature read by men and women in Bengal. She says:

"After the daily papers, come the monthly magazines. Or rather, there is an intermediate class of weekly papers, which seem to be fairly popular, judging from the correspondence published therein by women regarding the woman question, which sometimes grows quite exciting, and shows how much this vexed problem is occupying the minds of Bengali women now-a-days. New magazines seem to crop up every six months, but most of them are of mush-room growth— only about half-a-dozen being securely established. Last, but not least, come novels published in book-form, which are the delight of all women, young or old, black, white or yellow. There is a certain class of highly-educated Bengali women, who keep at least their English reading up-to-date, and probably throw a serious book or two into this continuous flow of fiction.

And, apart from a sense of duty or compulsion, I submit that women read to pass the time pleasantly, for recreation or relaxation, in short for their own pleasure. Women, whose time is taken up nearly the whole day and part of the

night too—with looking after their house and children, as in the case with most of the Bengali middle-class—hardly have the time or inclination or energy, I should think, to go in for anything but very light literature in their leisure-hours.

I shall conclude by saying that preference of women for fiction can be justified, or at least explained, by the fact that they are naturally fond of persons rather than subjects, of individuals rather than types. They are not intellectual by nature, that is to say, they prefer the concrete to the abstract, the evident to the abstruse. And would we not rather have them so? I am afraid if they lost their interest in persons, and began to grow cold and intellectual in a body, the world would have a very poor time indeed."

3. A Woman Sculptor in India

It was interesting to read in the *Madras Mail* of Miss Milward's work, which is to record in sculpture the figures of Indian Jungle people. After studying art in Paris for many years, she took up the task of portraiture, as the most difficult and the best. She has an anxious and exhausting time in looking for proper types, and then probes into their genealogy and history, draws measurements of the heads accurately and gives a perfect representation. The *Veddahs* of Ceylon have been worked, as well as the *Gonds* of the Dravidian family, the *Chenchus* of the Agency tracts, the *Bhills* of the Central hills, the *Bhats* from Rajputana and the Central Provinces, the *Haran Shikaris* or deer-hunters, the *Todas*, the *Trulas* and *Kurumbars*, the Nilgiri aborigines, the *Brinjaris* or gypsies. Many, of these, it is to be noticed, are far back in civilization, harking back almost to the prehistoric age ; and are thought to be rather akin to the primitive races of Australia, to where perhaps the Indian tribes once emigrated. It is pleasant to note that Miss Milward's labour has been repaid by a recognition of her services to science in preserving strange types of anthropological interest. The Marquis of Zetland opened an exhibition of her work at India House, which was much appreciated.

4. State "Dowry" for Widows

It is with mixed feelings that we read in one of the *Dailies* of the encouragement given to widow-remarriage by the enterprising, enlightened and progressive Raja of Farikot. Rs. 50 is offered to every man, who marries a widow. This is a forward step for a good purpose; but how far the end justifies the means is difficult to judge. The "dowry" offered is not much of an inducement it is true; but does it not seem somewhat of a bribe? If dowries are discouraged, can bribes for marriage be offered ? Then again, in modern times, when arranged marriages are being looked at askance, do we want remarriages, which savour somewhat of Russian arrangements ? Of course, we are glad that the poor widow, so long neglected, despised and used as a drudge, gets married again, and secures a home for herself. We hope that it will be a happy home in any case. But somehow, happiness so bought and paid for seems somewhat amiss. No doubt, if financial assistance is needed for marriage arrangements, and has hitherto kept off a couple from marriage, it is a good thing that help should come from the State. No doubt again, the poor neglected widow very often has none else to help her, but the State. Therefore, it is good for the State to act the kind foster-father. At the same time, let us hope that corruption will not be allowed to creep in, if such an arrangement is taken up by other States.

In any case, it must be remembered that a step forward is a step in the right direction ; even if wrongly side-tracked at first, it can be re directed.

5. Advice for marriage

It is interesting to read of the advice on this subject given by Hitler, who, though a bachelor himself, still thinks well of marriage

"1. What is needed is cleverness, common sense, consideration, and most of all, recognition of the attributes nature has given to the two sexes.

2. It is not a question of equal rights, but of equal duties.

3. Whether the two sexes want it or not—and they do want it—they have got to live with one another somehow, and that is probably the best thing for married couples to remember.

4. Both men and women are very contented that nature has arranged things as they are. Men would not be happy without women in this world. Women would be unhappy without men.

5. We have raised our men to be the hard sex, and powerful supporters of women, but

our men have the happy consciousness, that more than in any other country, the women will be the truest supporters of men."

Hitler then appealed to husbands and wives to work for the common good and for their children.

6. The World Educational Conference At Tokyo

The *Modern Review* gives the following as having been the objectives of this conference:

1. To pool and make available to the educators of all lands information covering educational movements, achievements, and events: 2. to facilitate through conference, correspondence, and personal contacts, the co-operation and collaboration of the official representatives of the educational organizations of all countries; 3. to achieve through education international understanding, appreciation, justice, goodwill, friendship, and co-operation.

One of the chief aims of the conference was *Disarmament*, for which education could be a national medium in the achievement of international peace. As Dr. Paul Monroe of America, who was the President, stated "The function of this section of the conference is to promote the idea of disarmament. Disarmament should be preceded by disarmament in individual psychology, which is the basis of international peace and understanding."

Disarmament could be achieved by two ways, "(1) elimination of military training in the schools and (2) elimination of hostile comments in the text-books of various nations."

For this purpose, there should be organised tours by teachers, the adoption of a universal calendar, universal measurements and a universal or auxiliary language.

7. Women and Property

Moderna writes in the *Hindu* that women can do good work as managers and agents of estates, as proved by the report of a woman property manager of Westminister, under whom is a staff of trained women. The rent roll under her charge of 1569 flats, the earliest of which were built in 1885, amounted to about £ 44,000 a year; yet only a deficit of 9 sh. 6d. was left. Some of the arduous tasks, that were done, were moving tenants from flat to flat according to their growing needs, and the eradication of vermin from the floors and furniture.

We are glad to hear of the appointment of a lady in America as "Chief of the Foreign Service Buildings Office," which includes the management of furnishing and decoration to these institutions.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE

BY PRINCESS CHANDRAVATI RAJE OF SANGLI.

[It is with much pleasure that we publish this very interesting article by the Princess. We hope she will write often for us.—ED., I. L. M.]

WHEN the editor of this Magazine requested me to write an article giving the impressions of my tour in Europe, I hesitated at first; but thinking that it was a good opportunity to clarify my own ideas, I complied with the kind request.

During the month of March, 1937, when I was busy preparing for my examination, one morning a letter came to us from our parents wishing us to join them in Europe where they had already proceeded. It was a thrilling piece of news and I keenly looked forward to the trip. We joined our parents and my eldest sister in Italy and it was there that we came to learn about the tour in Europe conducted by Mrs. Datta of Lahore. This tour was intended for lady-students and teachers from India and was to last for three months, covering a great many European countries. As it seemed such a promising tour, we could not but avail ourselves of the opportunity of visiting so many countries in the short time at our disposal. We joined Mrs. Datta's party towards the end of June in England.

It was our first visit to England and it was a pleasant surprise to us to find how genial, sympathetic and friendly we found everybody, with whom we came into contact. People were much less reserved and formal than we expected.

The discipline and control of the London traffic is a marvel—this is a well-known fact. Hundreds and thousands of cars and omnibuses are constantly moving day and night and yet

PRINCESSES CHANDRAVATI RAJE and INDRAVATI RAJE of Sangli State. Princess Chandravati (to the right) has been so kind as to write to the I. L. M. about her tour in Europe.

COUNSIC BROS., BOMBAY, 4

The late MRS MEHEROO H. DADABHOY, the wife of Mr. H. M. Dadabhoy, who was a most popular figure in Madras, put heart and soul into service for the social and political welfare of her country. She was an Hon. Presidency Magistrate and the Hon. General Secretary of the All-India Women's Association.

She worked vigorously for the Congress Movement and was a keen supporter of the "International Fellowship" league. She was also Editor of the "Stri Dharmi" for a few years.

She was on various committees, including the Executive Committee of the Red Cross Society and the "Willingdon." She was one of the founders of a Rescue Home, which has since been amalgamated with the "Avai Home."

A Silver Jubilee Medal was awarded her in recognition of her public work. She is a loss in every walk of society to Madras and will be keenly missed.

A. RATNA & CO., MADRAS

2

3

4

Photos : 1—Empire Press Photo Service
2—Indian News Agency, Srirangam
3 and 4—Counsic Bros., Bombay

1. **The Distinguished Daughter of a Distinguished Mother** :- A First Class in Zoology, B. Sc., for the first time in the History of Madras University, and the first place in the Presidency, is the distinction of Miss Grace M. Lukose, B. Sc., daughter of Mrs. Lukose, B.A., M.B. & B.S. (Lond.), L.M. Rott.), of Trivandrum. Miss Lukose passed her Intermediate in the first class from H. H. the Maharaja's College, Trivandrum, and her B. Sc., from the Presidency College, Madras. She is very proficient in games and music. She has now been sent by the Travancore Government to undergo the M.B. and B.S. course in the Madras Medical College. Mrs. Lukose, it will be remembered, was the first lady to enter a Legislative Council in the whole of India, and the first woman to be appointed to the headship of the Health Department in the Travancore State.

2. Miss M. M. Paranjpe, M. Sc., who has secured the Ph. D. degree of the London University.

3. Begum Aizaz-ul-Rasul, M. L. C., who has been elected Deputy President for the U. P. Legislative Council.

4. Mrs. Hansa Mehta, who has been appointed Parliamentary Secretary under the Congress Ministry in Bombay.

there is scarcely any accident. Everybody observes the rules of the road and thus makes the task of the authorities easier than they would otherwise have found. One can hardly lose one's way in London, provided one is careful and alert. The London police-man is a friend of the public and his assistance and guidance are always at one's disposal and therefore one feels quite safe to move about. With a few pennies, one is quickly transported to the other end of London by the under-ground tube. It is wonderful how the whole thing goes on mechanically and systematically.

One finds people in this country, very neatly dressed and smart in behaviour. Even the beggars in England do not appear in rags; they are neat and tidy as far as practicable, and every one of them is obliged to do some kind of work, such as playing on the flute or fiddle, selling post-cards and matches, etc. Mere begging for the sake of begging is forbidden by law.

London, the metropolis of England, is a very remarkable place for its contrasts. Though the Londoner seems busy all day, he is no less prone to gaiety and amusement and takes advantage of scores of theatres and picture-houses. The standard of living is very high in England. Only wealthy people can afford to make the best of their stay in London. One is greatly struck by the tremendous amount of money being spent by so many foreigners visiting this big cosmopolitan world-city. The art of window-dressing seems to have been perfected and one is surprised how beautifully the articles are arranged in the shops to attract and capture passers-by. Some of the members of our party were very extravagant in their shopping and one felt sad to find money being foolishly wasted.

In spite of the fact that London is so densely populated, it is surprising how many parks and gardens it possesses. The biggest, which is known as Hyde Park, is nearly 3 miles in length and over a mile broad and is situated right in the heart of the metropolis. The lawns and open spaces are free to the public to come and enjoy the fresh air, and crowds of people avail themselves of them morning and evening. On Sundays especially, one sees in different places in Hyde Park a man or woman addressing large crowds of people. Several of these are religious addresses, while others are of a political character. One sees how free expression of opinion is practised here. It is well-known that some of the Statesmen, who later attained great fame in the political field, started as speakers in Hyde Park on Sunday mornings.

Mrs. Datta had arranged for each one of us to spend a week-end in an English family. Accordingly, I went to Mrs. Smith in Kent. I was very much impressed with the way of living.

Captain and Mrs. Smith gave me a hearty welcome at their home. The old Captain with a very respectable appearance was a humorous and good-natured person. This made my stay quite pleasant. He often made everybody laugh with his witty remarks. It was very considerate of Mrs. Smith to ask another girl-friend of hers to stay with us for the week-end, so that I may not feel too lonely. She was a very nice girl and I liked her company. The hosts were always willing to satisfy their guests in every way. Mrs. Smith once asked me casually what eatables I was particularly fond of. To my surprise, I found them ready for me in the afternoon. Then they took me to listen to an open-air theatre programme and on the next day to witness a cricket match as I had once casually remarked that I liked watching good cricket. My new friend at Mrs. Smith's was very kind and nice to everybody. I noticed that there was a difference between the older and younger generation of women. The former was social and more friendly than the latter, who struck me as too reserved and absorbed in themselves—in their dresses and in their paints!

We visited the famous Mary Ward Settlement and Nursery School in London. There were several invalids in the School and they were all taught different useful occupations, such as needle-work, carpentry, leather-work, etc., whereby they could later earn a living. Most of them were poor and under 12 years of age. There were some, who were not able to do anything at all owing to their many physical defects. These invalids have therefore to sit and watch others at work. The institution provided food and clothing for them all, free of charge. State aid and public donations finance such institutions and thus help to improve the lot of the unfortunates. India can profit by copying an institution of this kind and thus help even the crippled to contribute to the nation's welfare.

We stepped into Norwegian territory on the 10th of July, where we received a warm welcome. Norway is an extremely lovely country and I realised how graphic and true is the description of scenery in *Thelma*. The green of the Fjords was very restful to the eye and Nature seemed to be smiling innocently. The Norwegians sought every opportunity to get into touch with us and gave us a good time. Most of them could understand and speak English, though sometimes with peculiar foreign accents and constructions. It was a bit trying sometimes to comprehend what they meant. Yet, they were very eager, I may say almost greedy, to know of Indian aspirations. The Norwegians seemed to appreciate Indian music more than any other people. We were once invited to tea at a private home, where at the request of our host some of the members of our party sang a few Indian songs. The Norwegian host was charmed by the "depth and softness" of the music, as he said later in his speech. Strange enough, he had been saying to everybody since our arrival at his house that he was a Hindu in his previous birth and that he had profound respect for the Hindu religion and loved Indian music. A rather eccentric cousin of mine, however, gave a song which could not but make us all feel frightfully small. It was sad to think that a host should carry such a poor and a wrong impression of our music. A Norwegian friend, as he was listening to her, said to me with a shrug of his shoulders "My goodness! Is that your Indian Music! It sounds as if she is crying," and I felt humiliated. I hesitated for a moment, not knowing what to answer and was greatly relieved when Mrs. Datta called upon some of the other members of our party who had some real musical talent, to give a few more songs. This saved the situation and when I saw my cousin was the first one to accept the request I replied with great confidence "Now Sir, you will know what genuine Indian Music is like". No doubt, the Norwegian felt abashed for his previous remark and when my cousin finished her song he apologised to me.

The Norwegians are obliged to learn German and English languages, as they come in contact with so many who speak them.

We saw some of the Norwegian folk-dances. They were of the mediaeval times and the dresses were somewhat of the "Marwari" type—a mixture of different colours. These dances were very interesting to watch. Almost the same kind of costumes and dances we saw later in Sweden.

We spent a day in Bergan and two days in Oslo. At Bergan, we went to see a school, specially modelled and only lately started. It is a high building with the Norwegian colours flying on it. It had 1700 students —girls and boys. The school is supposed to be one of the biggest and most modern schools in the whole of Scandinavia. There are altogether 54 classes and more than 50 teachers. The girls and boys, who came from poor families, are allowed freeships and are supplied luncheon and clothing free of charge. The seven years course of the School curriculum is meant for children from 7 to 15 and is compulsory. Norwegians do not seem to favour co-education, for there are seperate classes for girls and boys. Yet, all the children play together. The girls are taught needlework and cooking in addition to their regular studies. The school possesses a beautiful swimming pool with a number of shower-baths around it.

We went also to the Cripple Hospital at Oslo, Capital of Norway. The Cripples under 15 stay in what is known as "Children's Home" while the older ones go to "Cripple House." The situation of the building is beautiful with a full, wide view of valleys and mountains at a distance. There is plenty of fresh air and sun and the premises are kept neat and clean. The cripples are well looked after. They are all taught different occupations. Here, we were shown films, depicting what wonderful things the cripples can do. One picture showed how a cripple, who had lost both his hands, was taught carpentry and became later one of the best skilled carpenters in Norway. The instruments were attached to his wrist by rubber belts and he worked with marvellous dexterity. He built his own house. He could shave and eat and do almost everything that an ordinary man could do. It was all indeed most remarkable!

We went also to a school of Domestic Science. Most of the girls were out on holidays at the time. There were, however, a few who had remained behind. The students are taught nursing, cooking and all other domestic subjects, as well as the care of cows and pets. There is a model farm and a large poultry farm as well. The girls are also taught

how to take care of young infants. In order to give them practical training and experience, infants from different homes are brought to the school and are taken good care of till they are a year old when they are returned to their mothers. One student looks after a baby for one whole year. It was very interesting to look at these babies, snug and comfortable in their beds. They were all healthy and bright-looking little creatures.

Our party remained in Sweden from July 18th to 21st. We spent 2 days and a night with Swedish students at Nyna-gaid, a holiday centre on the sea coast. We stopped at a Hotel in Stockholm and took an excursion from there to Nynas-gaid. There were very few students there at the time. They struck me particularly by their calm and quiet disposition. Their behaviour was more natural than artificial. They mixed with us and tried to know our language, while we also made efforts to catch some of their Swedish expressions. We had no exciting amusements at this place, though we thoroughly enjoyed the quiet boating, the good tennis and the rambles on the coast.

On our way back to Stockholm, we paid a visit to a school associated with the Students' Christian Movement. The Students' Christian Movement brought new life to the Swedish Church. There was a great demand for practical education and as a result of this movement schools on social and democratic lines were started. Mystical symbols, religion and science, formed part of the teaching in these schools. In this particular school that we visited, the students had each a ring and rose on their uniform. The ring stands for 'Fellowship' and the rose for 'Nobility of Heart', by which the student is supposed to deal with the problems he has to face. The institution afforded very little amusement. There were 'Rest Houses', where those who wished could spend quiet hours in religious meditation or study. No distinction is made between the rich and the poor and the two work for a common end. The School is financed by the wealthy citizens and has proved to be a very successful institution.

At Stockholm, we went to see two factories. It was very interesting to watch the machines at work. The Macaroni factory was a six-storied building with residential quarters for the workers in the same compound. The lowest wage of a worker is 70 Kioners (Rs. 50 approximately). The standard of living seemed very high even for the labourers.

On the morning of the 22nd, our party took a ferry boat service to Sassints-Hafen, from where a train carried us to our destination, Berlin. We were in Germany now.

During our stay in Berlin, we had an opportunity of hearing a lecture by Dr. Frieda Von Herwaith, a German woman leader. From this lecture, we gathered the following impressions regarding the modern position, character and work of German women.

It seems that the activities of the German women have never been greater than at present. After the Great War of 1914–18, when unemployment was very keen in Germany, the women there stood fast by their husbands, sons and brothers, in order to inspire them with courage. They played the part of gentle nurses, during a period of fourteen painful years of great suffering. It was at this hour that Adolf Hitler came on the scene and saved the falling nation. Herr Hitler substituted National Socialism in place of the Communism that was gaining ground in that country. As the lecturer pointed out, 'the true welfare of a nation largely depends upon its women'. A woman can make and unmake a man.

The sphere of German women being neither political nor commercial, they partake in Hitler's work, confining their activities to exclusively feminine tasks. As mothers are responsible for the coming generation, they have started the 'National Mothers' Service' at Reich Head Quarters, in order that they may help to discharge their function properly. The aim of the service is to make mothers more healthy in body and mind and to give proper training to bring forth an able generation to serve their Fatherland. It teaches their women how to economise in house-keeping and how to make a house look beautiful. It instructs them in special courses, such as hygienics in general, cooking, house-keeping, knitting and any kind of needlework. The afternoons are devoted to such kind of learning, while the evenings are utilised in theoretical and practical lessons in care-taking and bathing doll models of babies and in other kindred activities. Moreover, the pupils are taught to make children's toys

and garments out of a material which costs little. So every woman returns with a fund of new ideas.

Every teacher of the Mother's Service masters her speciality. She must either be a worker for National Health, or a Leader of Young people, or an Industrial Teacher of agricultural house-keeping. Thus, highly specialised teachers go out into the country and act as instructors from village to village. Today, nearly one million of them are being instructed throughout the country. The expenses of taking lessons are varied according to the economic ability of the partakers. For those who cannot pay their fees, certain organizations, such as the National-Socialist Women's Organisation and other large Industrial firms, pay supplementary contributions.

In order to train girls between 18 to 25, there is what is called a Women's Labour Service which brings groups of girls together in training camps. After finishing the course of instruction, they go to neighbouring farms and villages where they assist people in need, especially those families who are hard up. This Labour service has proved to be a tremendous success. 'The Department for women in the German Labour Front' tries to eliminate for good every discord between the employers and the employees. This section takes care of a labouring woman by helping her in different ways. By this means 80,000 labour class women have been helped up to this day and the number is rapidly increasing.

As for the girls from 12 to 18, they are educated in what is called the "Federation of German Girls". The organisation produces girls, convinced of the fundamental principles of national Socialism and ready to practise what they are taught. They learn to become alert, active, sturdy, independent, jolly and kind to everybody.

Women in Germany are at liberty to take up any occupation and for this purpose they take suitable training, or they can study at the Universities and prepare themselves for any profession which calls for scientific study.

We had an opportunity of paying a visit to a Women's Labour Camp, not very far from Berlin. The women were 40 in number and stayed together in a house belonging to the organisation. Their daily programme was very well regulated. They got up at 5-30 a.m. After their morning prayers at 6 a.m. all of them went to work on the fields, or helped in the house-hold duties of the poor wives of the villager, came back at 1 p.m. and then had lunch followed by a little rest. Sometimes, they read books on social problems or politics and such other subjects which go to add to their general knowledge. In the evening, the girls played out-door games. At 9 p.m. they were in their beds. This was their routine. What hard work they had to do and how cheerful and sturdy they looked! Their faces bespoke the enthusiasm and vigour of the whole German nation. They gave us a hearty welcome and sang us a sweet farewell song when we departed. The aim of the labour Service is to direct the will and the energy of the individual to nation-building activities, thereby exalting the community by the great constructive work of Adolf Hitler; and everyone seem to play their part wholeheartedly. This was the opinion expressed by Dr. Frieda Von Herwarth, but one also hears that the position of women in this country has considerably suffered during Hitler's regime.

After visiting Heidleberg, my sister and I, having made other engagements previously, said good-bye to Mrs. Datta's party.

Later, we went to France, in fact only to Paris. Paris is a beautiful City. I have never seen such a well-planned and picturesque city. One cannot help wondering how much human art and skill can do. The parks and the fountains are exquisite and one loves visiting them over and over again. We did not miss the opportunity of going to the World Exhibition in Paris. The circumference of the Exhibition was about 8 miles and enormous buildings had been erected specially for the purpose. In the Indian section, even the religious hymns were being sung on the records. It took us about three days to go through the most important and interesting sections of the Exhibition and yet there remained a tremendous lot to be seen. The illuminations of the Eiffle Tower were a lovely sight at night.

A funny instance happened once. We were walking to the 'Burning Flame' under the Arch of Triumph and it was getting rather late. We therefore thought of taking a taxi and summoned one from the stand. We asked the chauffeur whether we could go in proper time to the top of the Arch, so as to get an extensive view of Paris. And he instantly

replied in the affirmative. We therefore took a seat in his car. It did not take us more than some fifteen minutes to get there and as we paid the taxi-fare the man turned to us and said, " I wonder whether the way to the top of the Arch is open just now. It is 6 p.m.," and with that he buzzed off. And indeed, the gates were closed. This was a most disagreeable surprise to us.

We finished with Paris, the home of supreme art and beauty and fashion, in five days and moved off to Switzerland. Lusem, Geneva and Arveys—these were the places we visited in Switzerland. Surely this is the most God-favoured country! The people seemed very courteous and honest. The whole country is extremely clean and fresh.

The watch-factory in Geneva showed us marvellous pieces of glass of various kinds. There were all sorts of watches of different and the most modern shapes, tinged, with lovely colours.

After finishing Switzerland, wewent to Venice, two days before our steamer was due to sail for India. Venice, beautifully-situated and enchanting as it is, charmed us very much, and to be there was like a beautiful dream. But one was suddenly awakened by the confusion and bustle all around. The people were rather indifferent, unobliging and rough in their manners. We were sorry to find such a disagreeable state of affairs in such a lovely place as Venice.

At last, my sister and I sailed for India by S. S. the Conte-Rosso, on the 2nd of September last, with happy and sweet memories of the trip and looking forward to meeting our near and dear ones on the Indian soil.

A tribute is due to Mrs. Datta, our leader. She suffered much for all of us and she showed great tact, affability and courtesy in face of grave provocation perhaps from some of us. We felt sorry to leave her, but took away grateful memories of her.

SPECIAL ITEMS

I

Electrical Household Warnings

By Betty Ardron

THERE is a common fallacy with some domestic consumers of Electricity, who will never think of interfering with their water or gas pipes, that it is a simple and comparatively harmless matter to make a repair or alteration to their electrical installations. This has developed more so with the age of wireless, especially among the younger generation who belong to a more scientific age. This idea should be at once dismissed from the mind, and all such repairs or alterations left to the experienced craftsman.

It is not so much that the domestic consumer with a little knowledge of an installation could not perhaps effect a repair alteration. It is the fact that little knowledge is not sufficient to prevent unsuspected damage being made to the installation, which would be a source of danger to life then or later.

Electricity is an excellent servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and it is explained that it is always endeavouring to escape to earth and, so far as the wires and cables and other metal parts are concerned, it is quite possible for life to be endangered if these should become bare and by contact the Electricity were to find a path to earth through the human body.

Electricity is not like water, gas or steam, where a warning is usually given by sight, smell, or touch, thus preventing, in the majority of cases, serious damage. The damage with Electricity is usually done without warning and therefore greater care is necessary.

As the danger lies in the escaping Electricity finding a path through the human

body to the earth and as the earth contact with human body is often not apparent, it is advisable to avoid standing on a stone floor or touching metal such as water taps, stoves or the like, when handling portable electrical appliances such as kettles, radiators, etc.

It is for this reason that it is dangerous to have portable apparatus in basements with stone floors, or bathrooms where moisture is present. Radiators in bathrooms should be of the wall-fixed type, which are completely insulated from the human body, and for this purpose no metal switch should be fixed in those positions. These should be made of bakelite, which is an insulating meterial and gives protection.

Should a fault develop, or should the consumer be in any doubt, it is always advisable to consult a contractor of good standing, when it will be found that with good workmanship and sound material, a satisfactory repair or alteration will be made at a reasonable price.

It must not be assumed from the foregoing that under normal conditions the use of Electricity is dangerous. Quite the opposite is the case, and every confidence can be felt in freely using this wonderful service in the home, always bearing in mind, of course, the few simple precautions that it is wise to take.

The development of Electricity does not lie alone with the Inventor, Manufacturer, or Supply Authority, so far as labour-saving apparatus is concerned, but with the consumer also, who will find this national asset of more assistance each day.

Each installation is provided with a fuse box fitted with fuse wires. These act as safety valves and melt when a fault takes place, and, provided that the consumer has already been shown the procedure of replacing a fuse, there is no harm in carrying this out. It should be remembered, however, that when this is done it is advisable to take the extra precaution of standing on a piece of rubber or dry wood, in addition to placing the Main Switch in "off" position. The fuse should be replaced with wire similar to that already fitted.

If the replaced fuse should again melt, or the least doubt exist, it is advisable to have this attended to by an experienced electrician.

Should it be decided to call upon the services of an electrical contractor, it is also recommended that the flexible cords attached to the lamps, radiators, and irons be examined, and these renewed if necessary. These are often the source of trouble and danger from electric shock, since they become frayed long before the other wires or cables in the installation, and, if renewed in time, save expense, inconvenience, and ensure safety.

There is usually also a fuse box fitted close to the matter; these are, in most cases, sealed, and a penalty is imposed if the seal is broken. These therefore should in no circumstances be interfered with, and if it is thought that these fuses have melted, communication should be made with the authority concerned.

In conclusion, remember that, if there is any difficulty regarding your supply of Electricity, or you desire any information regarding the best apparatus or tariffs most suitable to your particular home, the Supply Authorities will always be willing to give you any information required. It is their desire to encourage the use of Electricity as much as possible, and there is no doubt that it is the most flexible form of power yet known, and requires your co-operation for its development and in assisting mankind to greater leisure.

II

Mammoth and Mastodon Remains

By Eric Hardy

The discovery of mammoth remains in the U. S. S. R., so well preserved that the flesh and the brain are reported to

be in perfect condition, recalls the wonderful series of these frozen remains of the great elephants of the glacial period for which Siberia is noted.

It is probably about 15,000 years since the last mammoths died out of the North Siberian tundras, and what was probably the first discovery of these frozen remains was that made by Ides, the Dutch ivory collector, who came across a head and foot in Siberia, in 1707, though the first complete animal was that found on the banks of the River Alasega in 1787.

In 1869, Baron von Meydell made his celebrated discovery of three such frozen carcasses in north-east Siberia, and in many subsequent finds, not only has the flesh been eagerly devoured by dogs, foxes, etc., but also by the natives.

The leaves of pine, fir and willow, the remains of grass, wild thyme, and the seeds of poppies and buttercups, found in the stomachs or adhering to the teeth, give us some idea of the vegetarain diet of these elephants. A mounted specimen of one of these mammoth carcasses, mounted exactly as it was found preserved in the Arctic ice, is in the Leningrad Zoological Museum.

The great elephant family, the proboscidians, underwent their early evolution in Africa, but many of their races ultimately reached America by the land bridge that existed across the shallow Behring Straits, and of the sixteen elephant-like races, ten reached the New World. These great elephants roamed all over the world, and the mammoths and mastodons were the "monsters" of the glacial period, which existed in Europe and America during the Ice Age, and are known to have been contemporary with early man.

In May, 1864, the French scientist Lartet discovered in the caves at La Madeleinê, Dordogne, a fragment of mammoth tooth on which some Cro-Magnon artist-hunter had scratched the outline of the owner of the tusk, obviously a hairy elephant, and subsequently Lartet discovered similar drawings on the walls of the near-by caves, while the model figure of a mammoth was found in the Ice Age clay, Czechoslovakia, showing that the early hunters had to contend with mammoths as well as the great cave bear.

There are 290 or more species of the mammoth family, in sixteen groups, according to the great American palaeontologist, Professor Osborn. Remains of six of these species have been found in England, including the Mammoth (Elephas primigenius) in forest beds, caves and the pleistocene deposits; the Southern Elephant (E. meridionalis) in the forest bed, red crag and pleistocene; the Straight-tusked Elephant (E. antiqus) from the Norwich crag, forest bed, pleistocene and the caves, and three sorts of mastodon. Remains are rare in Ireland, and in Scotland mammoth remains are almost solely found in the southern part of the midland valley, and a line from Bishopbriggs in the west and Clifton Hall in the east, in the most northerly range of Britain.

The migration farther north was prevented by an arm of the sea from the Forth of Clyde, which, though it did not hinder the English reindeer from crossing over on the thin ice, was an insuperable obstacle for the mammoth.

One hundred and fifteen mammoth and mastodon remains have been recorded in the various parts of New York State. These remains consist chiefly of skulls, teeth and bones, and some of the outstanding mammoth teeth or tusks include one in South Kensington Museum 14 feet long, a pair in the Geological Museum, Mexico, each 16 feet 6 inches long, and a pair in the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts, one of which is 13 feet 9 inches long and weighs 498 pounds.

Mammoth remains and carcasses have also been found in Alaska, but they are not so well preserved as the Siberian ones. The richest discovery of mammoth teeth seems to be from New Siberia Island, though in the

Middle Ages there was a recognised trade in mammoth ivory, and 1,630 mammoth tusks were imported into England in 1872.

The mammoth may be described as a super elephant, for though, on the average about 9 feet high, some attained great stature, with great curving tusks 9 or 10 feet long and 200lb. weight of an African elephant's tusks.

The great imperial mammoth, Archidiskodor, stood 14 feet high. The body of the mammoth, like that of the woolly rhinoceros of the glacial period, was covered with a sort of thick, reddish wool, and with long black hair; it had small ears, small eyes and a little tail like the modern elephant.

No doubt in those days there were "mad" mammoths just as we get mad elephants or man-killers today, when they suffer from toothache, for mammoth and mastodon teeth have shown pyorrhea, dental caries, abscesses. And toothache in a tooth 8 in. long and weighing 25lb. is not to be trifled with. But a tooth from a 13-foot beast found in the pleistocene deposits in Texas the other year, showed unmistakable signs that its unfortunate possessor suffered agonies of toothache.

The mastodon was a broader, bulkier, and more thick-set animal than the mammoth, with a lower head lacking the domed crown (somewhat like that of the Asiatic elephant of today) of the mammoth. The mastodon, it is believed, evolved before the mammoth, though the oldest of these proboscidians was Moeritherium, whose fossil remains are found in north-east Africa. The Moeritherium had no trunk, but its incisor teeth were already enlarging into tusks. The straight-tusked elephant was an ancestor of the mammoth that lived in Britain long before the onset of the long and cold Great Glacial Age. It was over 12 feet high, and a skeleton is in South Kensington Museum.

To return to the discoveries of "Nature in the raw," the mammoth in flesh and bone in the ice, just as it died when it fell into the snowdrifts and became trapped in the Ice Ages, one of the most dramatic was that on a peninsula north of the Lena.

The presence of a carcass was first noticed by a native in 1799, when he saw a hummocky mass in the melting ice, which melted sufficiently in the summer of 1801 to show one tusk and the side of the monster. The carcass was then entire, showing the eyes and trunk well preserved and the thick coat of red wool and bristly black hair.

In the cold summer of 1802, little ice melted, but the following year the mammoth carcass slid down a sand bank, and in 1804 a native hacked it apart and carried off the tusks. Two years later, the scientist Adams found it, with one limb entirely removed and the dogs of the Yakuts having eaten most of the flesh. The rest was removed to the then St. Petersburg Museum. Another carcass with a mane, found near the Yenisei, was taken to Moscow Museum, while another from the Yakutsk in 1840 had a well-preserved mane from head to tail, and fragments of twigs from its last meal between its teeth.

A MOTHER'S PART

WHAT is the secret in a mother's heart,
When she is old, her children gone away?
When she may play no longer in the part
That once it was her very life to play—
The role of nature and confidant and friend,
Guarding and guiding childhood's little fears,
Healing and comforting—What's at the end,
When these are memories of bygone years?

WHAT is the secret in a mother's heart,
Finding her children women, now, and men?
Only the certainty that, at the start,
She could not choose a better task again;
Only the knowledge, hidden in her breast,
That to these youthful lovers, husbands, wives,
She of her love and wisdom gave the best,
Lying the corner-stone of noble lives.

—From WIFE AND HOME.

HEALTH SUGGESTIONS

I

Your Teeth are your Show Window

By Michael Lorant

A FULL-lipped mouth that can afford to part in a broad, free, hearty smile is 90% of what's needed to make up sex appeal, charm, and that other asset which makes us "the life of the party." Advertisers of tooth paste such as "Pink tooth paste," "film on your teeth," "she daren't smile" have become as famous as those other happy phrases,— "B. O." and "Halitosis."

But the right tooth-paste isn't all you need to preserve a dazzling smile which Nature has given you to compensate, well—who can say—for perhaps a non-indifferent nose... "but when she smiles!"

That's what you want to hear, isn't it? And to get it we should have been appealing to your mothers when your first set of teeth was still on duty. Since we can't go back, however, we can begin with advice on the care of the children's first set of teeth for the good of your own babes.

It's a fallacy, when one of a child's first teeth decays and falls out prematurely, for you to say "it doesn't matter, because the second tooth will soon be out." If a child loses one of its first teeth too soon, the whole jaw alters, and the second tooth often grows in crookedly, too far in front or behind, because the job of the first teeth is to hold a place for those that are to come. What's more, a child chews badly enough during the time when the first teeth are gone and the second set coming. If this time is prolonged by early loss of first teeth, the child will eat less and thin down even more than is necessary.

Even small children should be taken to the dentist twice a year to have their teeth examined. Sometimes there'll be very little work for him to do, certainly nothing painful, and that will make all the difference in the world to alter misgivings when a visit to the dentist is due. A child, who has met her dentist cheerfully, knowing that he isn't going to inflict pain, will grow up into a sane young woman, who won't let fear keep her at home until her cheeks are swollen.

The same rule applies to cleaning teeth at least every night and morning, which, if accustomed to from childhood, becomes a habit, nay, more, a necessity! The woman, who cleans her teeth after every meal, is not a crank. I've known several who carried their tooth-brush with them, so not being at home is no excuse, although night and morning brushing is a sufficiently hygienic habit.

Tooth-paste is not nearly as essential as a tooth-brush. Tooth-paste should be pleasing to your taste, fresh and wholesome. A tooth-brush should be hard. A soft tooth-brush is good for nothing. If you've grown accustomed to this evil, buy one a little harder next time, and still harder the time after that, finishing off with the ideal brush that has hard bristles in separate tufts, with holes in its back for airing the end as well as the tips. This precious health requisite should be placed in the sunshine after using, if possible, which is Rule I for never experiencing pyorrhoea.

How to clean your teeth? But no, that's been done to death in the movie news weeklies. Haven't you seen Japanese, Chinese and Javanese children, or even the famous chimpanzee in the zoo, being taught to clean their teeth in herds—not the chimpanzee, of course,—with a teacher yelling instructions, "Up and down and straight across—up and down and straight across." Of course, rubbing the gums as well is essential, and, in these days of sweets—our prehistoric ancestors had no such worries—a good mouthwash in water that's not chill for swilling. If your gums bleed when you clean your teeth, see your dentist. It may mean a few weeks of treatment, but flabby gums are

not only unsightly, but mean losing your teeth early, or even pyorrhea.

Don't smoke excessively, or your teeth will discolour. The dentist may make them white and as good as new for you by a thorough cleansing, but dentist-cleaning should not be indulged in more than twice a year. It's a strain on the enamel oftener than that. But twice a year—and one of these times should always be before your vacation—the dentist should clean your teeth, remove all the tartar which is separating the gum from the teeth, eventually causing loose teeth and irritation, and give you just that dazzling smile you'll be needing on your holidays. Toothache in the country often ends with second-rate treatment, and the loss of a tooth.

Most certainly you have to be a brave woman to possess a dazzling smile if you haven't always lived up to these home rules. If you have, a visit to the dentist should never mean torture, because in six months nothing drastic can happen. But, if you're the wait-for-the-pain-to-become-intolerable type, the visit to the dentist does take courage. However, when you've walked around the block twice, taken an aspirin, sighed, wiped away a surreptitious tear, and slowly—oh, so slowly walked up the interminable flight of stairs to his residence, then don't do things by halves. Confess all pain, let him examine all your teeth and go through with the treatment to the bitter end.

If you have lost a tooth, even where it doesn't show, have it replaced as soon as you can. If you leave the gap for too long, the teeth on each side will loosen, and then, when you're needing them for the bridge, or to bridge another tooth, your dentist will tell you that these teeth can no longer stand the strain. They have been left without support too long.

If a filling drops out, see the dentist at once. Even if the tooth doesn't hurt, it soon will. If the tooth still has a nerve, all the more important. Losing the nerve of a tooth means that before long it will darken and spoil your smile irrevocably, because this is where no dentist-cleaning will help.

Going to the dentist before the pain comes will save you money, teeth and much unnecessary agony. " Don't offend " with filmy teeth. Let your smile be really radiant, and to this end your helpmates are

Good Dentist,
Stiff tooth-brush,
Courage !

II

Women's Role in the Sanitation of a Town

By G. N. Aiyangar.

Not to speak of the metropolitan cities with all sanitary conveyances and conveniences—which still have their own drawbacks—the general sanitation of our towns is far from satisfactory. Let any number of Health Officers, Sanitary Inspectors with their quota of staff be appointed, the defect still stands there. The reason for all this is not far to seek. Even the educated and the rich, who profess to have a sanitary conscience, are very apathetic towards the sanitation of a town. It suffices if the locality in which they live is kept clean, the road in front of their house watered and the sweeper remains at their beck and call. Thus, it is they who are the worst violators of the sanitary laws. The insanitary habits of the poor, which have become a part and parcel of their nature, are mostly due to their ignorance of tha elementary principles of hygiene, and to this reason are mostly due the deaths from preventable diseases in the slums. Although there is law for taking action against persons, who throw filth on the road, in the drains and so on, it cannot compel them to be neat and clean. Neither can the sanitarian himself alone keep the sanitation of a town *par-excellence* without the co-operation of the public. The right move has to be made from the latter, and all depends, I think, on our women-folk. A woman is rightly termed the house-wife. It is she, that can make or mar things at home and effect the required reform in any sphere and more so

in keeping the sanitation of a town in an ideal condition. In these days of advancement, when women have taken up part of the responsibility of running the administration, is it too much to expect them to form 'Health units' in the town and work for the rousing of a sanitary conscience in the minds of people?

As the face is the index of character, so also the neatness of a town will be an index of the healthiness of the people residing therein. So, everyone should try to keep the sanitation of a town in an ideal condition. The foremost thing that has to be done is the education of the masses in the rules of hygiene. Systematic propaganda has to be carried on in the slums of the town, and it should be instilled into the minds of the women that an insanitary locality will always be an unhealthy one. Wherever possible, lectures, illustrated by magic lantern slides, should be given by women, as such have a salutary effect on the minds of the people.

Let us now take into consideration what it is that contributes to the insanitary condition of a town, and what each citizen can do to minimise the nuisance. Streets are generally fouled by many means, both natural and artifical. The important sources of street dust are from vehicular traffic, house-sweeping, shop-sweeping, defecation by human beings, dribblings from animals, and dog-nuisance.

Road dust is one of the dirtiest nuisances in a town with which a sanitarian is confronted and which is responsible for the largest number of deaths in India. Hence, Local Bodies should insist on the watering of the roads daily both morning and evening. Want of finances for meeting this item of expenditure cannot be taken as an excuse. Any other expenditure can be conveniently foregone for the purchase of a watering lorry. Only such representatives, who work for the betterment of the town alone, should be returned to the Council and not those who wish to have an 'M.C.' added to their names. If, for any reason, watering of the roads cannot be done by a Local Body, our women can instruct their servants to water the roads in front of their houses. Hindus generally get their front courtyards swept and washed daily both morning and evening, after which they are decorated with patterns in *chunam*. While attending to their business, the maids can be instructed to water the road in front of the house as well. Even if half the width of the road to the length of the house is watered, the other portion will likewise be watered by the people opposite. Thus, if every house-owner does like this, the whole road will be watered without extra cost and the dust nuisance will be minimised.

House and shop sweepings must always be deposited in a dust-bin placed on the road. Servants should be instructed to do this. But, it generally happens that menials empty debris adjacent to the dust-bin and not inside it. This has to be condemned by our women. Some other servants throw the dirt adjacent to the *pial* on the road, only to be carried back by children into the house. If no dust-bin is available nearby, every house-owner can provide an empty kerosene tin or some receptacle with a lid to it, wherein the sweepings can be deposited, and from which they can be emptied the next morning into the rubbish cart when it passes that way. Used-up leaf platters, after taking meals, should likewise be thrown into such receptacles and not on the road or in the drain. Under no circumstances should servants be allowed to throw away sweepings after the rubbish-cart has left.

As regards human defecation on road margins and drains, it is deplorable to note that in India this bad practice has become very common, especially among children, who are encouraged in it. None of the neighbours ever raise their voices against it, as they do it for their own children too. Thus, the whole road becomes a veritable public latrine. Some people consider this habit a harmless one; but such is far from the truth, and the practice must be put down with an iron hand.

The practice of spitting throughout the house and the road has also to be prevented. Spittoons may be provided and their contents emptied into the rubbish cart.

It is essential that our people must develop their moral sense and realise the immense harm that they do to their neighbours and themselves by violating simple sanitary laws. As already stated, not much good will come out of compulsory legislation. Our women have to do propaganda in this direction.

III

Deep breathing is very necessary for good health, for it induces air-circulation into the whole area of the lungs, especially the apices, which are just below the shoulder-blades, and their bases, which are just above the rib-bases. *Dress and Beauty* gives the following exercises for such :

" *Exercise* 1.—For rib-stretching. Lying position.

(a) With fingers behind the ears and elbows forward, inhale, bringing elbows back to the floor.

(b) Exhale, bringing elbows forward. The ribs should behave in much the same way as the elbows.

(c) Inhale, raising hands right over-head and touching floor behind.

(d) Exhale, raising hands over-head and dropping to floor at sides again.

Exercise 2.—For rib and abdominal control, and for producing a steady control. Standing position.

(a) Inhale, raising the hands as high overhead as possible (bringing them out from the sides, palms front).

(b) Exhale, swinging body and hands forward and resting palms on the floor, *while keeping abdominal muscles drawn in.*

Exercise 3.—For rib-lift. Sit on the floor with knees crossed and place fingers on ribs.

(a) Inhale, control *tummy* muscles.

(b) Exhale, holding this position.

Exercise 4.—For rib-lift and upward buoyant poise. Sitting with legs stretched in front (backs of knees touching floor) and body erect.

(a) Inhale, throwing head back.

(b) Exhale, placing head on knee.

In all exercises, breath should be inhaled through the nostrils, and exhaled through parted lips. Keep the movements rhythmic and smooth and the abdominal control strong.

And remember, breathing is the finest of all body-trainers. If you learn to breathe correctly, you will soon acquire that graceful body-carriage which everyone desires."

In this connection, it is interesting to note from an article in *Health*, of the *Pranayama*, the system of breath-control of the ancients. Taking a tall man as the average, the number of respirations were counted as 21,600, or 15 a minute. Breath was even measured in lengths, an exhalation being 9 inches long usually, 15 inches when eating, 18 when walking, and 22½ when sleeping.

The essentials for this system are a room set apart and kept clean and undisturbed; pure and wholesome thoughts; moderate food, nutritious, "easily digestible, cooling and sweet," avoiding acids and pungent condiments, and filling up only half the stomach with food, and one-fourth of it with water; the avoidance of physical strain at the time of fasting or too early baths; the Spring and Autumn months of March to April and September and October, as the time for commencement. There should be a correct erect sitting posture, with the back in line with the neck. There are three processes, *Puraka* or inhalation, the *Kumbaka* or retention, the *Rechaka* or exhalation, at a ratio of 1 : 4 : 2. There are three forms of *Pranayama*; in the lowest, perspiration is induced; in the middle one, quivering of the spine; and in the highest, lifting of the body from the ground, or even jumping about like a frog.

As a matter of fact, however, this breath-control should really not be done carelessly; but with the advice and aid of an expert; otherwise the consequences of strain may be dangerous. But *Health* suggests the following easy exercise :

"Inhale through the left nostril and exhale slowly through the right nostril and then alternate. The posture to perform this should be an erect sitting posture. Six times in the morning and six times in the evening are good. *Pranayama* can also be performed every three hours even, when the mind is calm."

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

1. A Pretty Costume

There are beautiful cotton saris to be had from *Uppada* in South India. These are usually in thin cream cloth, with sheer gold-lace borders, and a gold-lace strip to the top cross-edge. These borders can be ordered in silver or gold, of different widths and patterns and also with coloured lines, if desired; the cloth can be had in various thinnesses and lengths. If a sari is ordered for 7 yards, one yard from the inner side can be used for the blouse, which can be edged at sleeves and neck with the gold border. If gold sandals are worn with this, light gold jewels with, if possible, a gold belt for the waist, yellow flowers for the hair, *(small chrysanthemums* or *Kanakambarams)* and a pale yellow bag, the *ensemble* will be entrancing. It is also a very serviceable costume, as the material stands constant washing. The cream can be washed white. This costume is suitable for wear in the mornings, for light evening occasions, and if necessary for even dinners; the only desideratum being that the cloth should be clean and unruffled.

2. Blue seems to be a very fashionable colour now-a-days and an entrancing colour it is for light complexions. Beautiful shades can be produced in it, and harmonised together *into* one costume—a light blue lace blouse, a darker blue sari with a border of the same colour as the blouse, or *vice versa*; blue flowers for the hair, blue bag, blue velvet sandals, and sapphire jewels. The blue sari can be had with silver or gold borders too, and the colour of the border reproduced in the jewels and other accessories.

— *Sister Susie.*

How Forty High School Graduates put a New Star on the Film Firmament at Budapest

BY MICHAEL LORANT

SCREEN star candidates have been discovered in many places and by many people. One of the youngest stars on the European screen firmament, however, holds the record for being taken straight out of the school-room to the studio, with no less than forty producers—the forty graduates of a Budapest boys' college as a body sponsoring her first appearance on the screen.

When boys graduate from High schools in Central Europe, it is a sacred tradition that they celebrate the occasion by a "Bummel,"—The word is untranslatable: even Jerome K. Jerome could find none better when he wrote "Three Men on a Bummel."

A "Bummel" literally means a stroll. In the college sense of the term it means

the ceremony when the graduates, about to leave school for good, stand up in a queue, each placing one hand on the shoulder of his comrade in front, and, singing their college ditties in a chorus, saunter along, "bummeling" into every classroom, every passage, every single nook and cranny, even the most discreet ones, of the Coll., to say farewell. Some colleges extend this sauntering, this Bummel, over the streets of the quarter, often holding this solemn, half-melancholy stroll at night, walking in single file, the right hand placed on the preceeding man's shoulder, the left carrying a Chinese lantern, the silent streets reverberating to the sounds of "Gaudeamus igiture," the old college song which they roar at the top of their young voices as they bummel along. In the smaller college towns of Central Europe especially, these Bummels are quite a feature in June, graduation time.

The Bummel is invariably followed by a restaurant banquet, at which professors and boys meet for the first time on equal terms. For the first time, the eighteen-year-olds, no more schoolboys, but fully, fledged young-men, are allowed to smoke and to drink spirits in public. In the fulness of their glory, they are also allowed for the first time to carry a walking stick Any of these things done in public and discovered by the school authorities before graduation would incur grave trouble—but everything is allowed at the graduation banquet. The formidable Headmaster and professors reveal themselves as human beings. Parents, relatives and family friends are strictly excluded. No wonder this first breaking loose from the iron discipline of school usually ends in a mad drinking bout at a night club or some worse place, and next morning's hangover tarnishes the memory of what ought to be the most delightful souvenir of college days.

The forty graduates of one Budapest College decided they didn't want any nasty memories, and a night club initiation to finish up with. Instead, they invited their sisters and their sisters' friends to a dance as the conclusion of their graduation banquet. After their lantern-lit "Bummel" through the old Coll., across the quiet streets of Old-world Buda, and the dim, leafy paths of the garden restaurant, where the dance was to be held, they dined with their professors, drank toasts to the old school and to the new life upon which they were embarking and then commenced it in the right way by having a good time with the blonde and brunette "sub-debts," watched by fond mothers and chaperones with all the tremulous agitation that is woman's eternal fate at her daughter's first dance: "Will my daughter have enough partners?"

That question did not worry Mrs. Erzai S. Gervay, former opera singer and now eminent music teacher. She and her husband, a noted music critic, could only smile at each other as they watched their fifteen-year-old daughter, Marika, slim, tall, blonde, with dancing blue eyes and twinkling legs, surrounded by eager-eyed boys who besieged her for dances. Undoubtedly, Marika was the queen of the dance. Too young to be really "out," she made a sensation at this, her first "public" appearance. She danced beautifully, and, later on, as the fun grew fast and furious, she volunteered a few songs, accompanied by her mother. It then appeared that Mrs. Gervay had admirably trained her little daughter's fine voice and Marika was quietly preparing for the career of a singer. She had been encouraged in this by no lass a person and expert than the great Italian tenor, Beniamino Gigli, who had heard her sing and told her that a great career was awaiting her.

Everybody, who saw Marika Gervay and heard her sing at the graduates' dance, was fascinated, and as for the boys, they simply raved about her. Collectively speaking, the forty graduates had fallen devastatingly in love with Marika. Fortunately, there is safety in numbers. Marika beamed upon them all and vastly enjoyed being adored by the entire Eighth Grade.

It was in the small hours of the morning, when enthusiasm and imagination carry the day over sense and sanity, that one of the boys declared that all motion-picture producers were blind fools if they gave picture parts to older women like Greta Garbo, or Marlene Dietrich, instead of starring Marika Gervay. Marika was born to be the great screen star of the future. She belonged to the motion-picture firmament, and since all producers seemed to be dithering old idiots, well, they, the boys, the graduates, the new generation, would make it their business to put her there.

The motion was carried unanimously. The boys cheered till the roof seemed to come down. Then and there a "Marika Club" was founded. The forty college graduates became members. Its sole object was to put Marika, the belle of the ball, on the screen.

The enthusiasm did not pass off next morning. The Marika fever prevailed. The boys, starting out in different walks of life, remained in close contact with each other for the sake of Marika. Each brought what he could to the little hoard accumulating for the purpose of giving Marika a screen-opening. The well-to-do boys asked fathers and uncles to invest money in Marika's prospects, others brought savings from their allowances, first earnings, school prizes. One boy offered a lottery ticket, which was drawn at the end of the year, adding a neat sum to the little pile.

At the end of one year, the forty graduates had managed to collect twenty thousand pengoes—about 1,000 pounds—not nearly enough to make a picture, but still a considerable sum for these nineteen-year-olds, just starting upon life. In the meantime, Marika had not been idle. Besides her school work, she studied singing, dancing and also took lessons in acting, improved her French and English, and looked, the boys thought, more stunning than ever.

Not long ago, one of the boys discovered that a producer wanted to make a picture out of the play, "The Students of Iglo." It is a college play, a sort of cross between "The Student Prince" and the once successful musical "Good News." An item in a film chatterer's column said that details of the production were already settled, but they had not yet found an actress for the leading part which demanded a very young girl to interpret it.

The "Marika Club" delegated a deputation to the producer and offered to go into partnership in the production of 'The Students of Iglo' with him, investing their capital in it, on condition that Miss Marika Gervay was placed under contract to play the lead. The producer first laughed, then he nearly kicked out the young angels, and finally consented to try out Marika. After that, he stopped laughing, but made out a contract for her then and there.

"The Students of Iglo" was a great success in Hungary. The forty producers were corporatively present at the release and their applause brought down the house.

They have started now Marika off on a starring career, and the chances are that the "Marika Club" has made an excellent investment....

" What lacks he whose wife is worthy, and what indeed has he whose wife unworthy is? "

—*Thirukkural.*

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. The Daring of Devaki — (A story)

The wedding Sari

By E. R. Tampoe

IT was going to be a great occasion, thought Devaki; this marriage of her cousin Rukmini Munuswamy. She, Devaki, and her elder sister Damyanti, were going to be flower-girls, and they were going out shopping that day with their mother, to buy costumes.

Devaki grimaced as she thought of a whole morning to be " wasted " in the stuffy shops, as she expressed it, and all the " bothersome business" with the tailor, to follow — and all this on a glorious whole holiday, too!

Her mother's voice, calling her from the front verandah, interrupted these rebellious thoughts, and sent her flying on nimble feet, to obey the summons, which she knew very well would be the first stage of the " ordeal."

Damyanti, who was waiting on the verandah steps with her mother, said reproachfully to Devaki, " How unladylike you are, running like that!"

" Oh, I'm all right," said Devaki, climbing into the car as she spoke. Her elder sister sighed resignedly, and then gave herself up to the anticipation of the delights of 'sari-hunting' —one of her favourite pastimes!

Mrs. Santhiappa looked thoughtfully at the contents of her bulging purse, and then at her two daughters.

"Dearie me," she thought, as her eyes rested on Devaki's lithe figure, " she 'll soon be needing saris too — and already her jackets and skirts need almost as much material!"

" Here we are!" cried Devaki, interrupting her mother's meditations at this moment, and jumping on to the pavement as soon as the car stopped. With characteristic 'elder-sisterly' reproof, Damyanti laid a restraining hand on the flying plait; " careful, not so fast," she admonished her younger sister, who grinned impudently at her.

In five minutes more, ' hunting ' had begun, and piles of saris of all colours and materials, filled the narrow counter, while perspiring shop-assistants patiently unfolded them one by one, and replaced those that were " no use," as Damyanti airily said. Meanwhile, Devaki was bidden by a very superior sister, to " keep her eyes open " for a shell pink jacket and skirt for herself, and so she obediently set about her task. Her sharp eyes soon caught sight of a ready-made jacket and skirt, prettily embroidered round the border with silver lotuses. Tugging her mother's arm triumphantly, she cried " I've found one!" and then showed her ' find ' with evident pride. On closer inspection it was found to be a ' perfect fit ' by her well-pleased parent, and it was purchased without further delay.

Meanwhile, Damyanti had found a really lovely georgette sari which captivated her, as she told her smiling mother, and which had a pretty border of palms and the Taj Mahal, worked in silver; some material for a jumper had already been purchased; so the " day's work is done," thought Devaki contentedly, and there would be no " tailoring " for her either, as her clothes had been bought ready-made — "a very lucky accident," as she put it.

However, they had not quite finished, because the money had to be paid, and the parcels done up; so Devaki wandered about the shop, looking idly at the goods displayed in the glass cases and on the shelves. As she mused on the things purchased, she suddenly recalled the fact that Damyanti had a sari almost identically the same as the new one, except that it was cotton, otherwise the border and colour were exactly the same. Devaki also remembered that her sister never wore this sari, or rather, very seldom; and with this remembrance a mischievous thought came into her head, which was to ' take a rise ' out of the somewhat overbearing Damyanti. The shopping over, the two girls and their mother returned home, the elder daughter and Mrs. Santhiappa to consult each other about the pattern of the blouses to be worn on the great occasion, and Devaki, now that no one was about, to carry out her daring plan.

Going softly into her sister's room, where the new sari lay in its long cardboard box, Devaki carefully took it out of its tissue paper wrappings, and, carrying it to her own apartment, put it in her bureau. Then, returning to the other room, she opened her sister's chest of drawers, and, carefully lifting the saris one by one, searched till she found the one she

wanted. Quickly replacing the other saris as she found them, she carried the pink cotton sari and put it carefully within the crisp tissue paper, and shut the box; then, chuckling to herself, she sped downstairs again, and went to play with her brothers in the 'den', as their play-room was called, and had a noisy game of War.

Meanwhile, the pattern of her blouse chosen, Damyanti went upstairs to "gloat" over her new sari, as her sister would have described it. She hummed a pleased little tune to herself, thinking how well the new Ceylon sandals and her gorgeous sari and pretty jumper would 'go together,' and feeling a wee bit impatient for the 'great' day.

Damyanti entered her room on swift feet, and carefully opened the box that lay on her bed, a smile of pleasure on her face. Quickly, almost feverishly, she undid the crackling tissue paper, and then, as she saw what it contained, she gave a gasp of dismay. But this soon turned to an angry exclamation of, "Oh! the swindlers! and we've paid the money too!" followed by an irritated, "I wish I'd seen them do it!" in a tone that was meant to be threatening.

However, Damyanti, always a girl of action, did not waste time in words, but hurriedly replaced the sari in its paper, and ran downstairs faster than she had gone up them.

No sooner had she left the room than Devaki, who had crept upstairs behind her sister, quickly and quietly replaced the saris in their former places and then ran softly downstairs again, looking wickedly innocent.

As she passed the study on her way to the playroom, she heard Damyanti's voice, loud and angry, speaking on the 'phone. A minute later Damyanti hung up the receiver, and came out of the study, just as her mother was about to enter it. Mrs. Santhiappa came to the point at once.

"Why did you raise your voice like that, when you were 'phoning just now?" she asked in a tone of mild reproach. Damyanti looked a bit ashamed, and then said defiantly, "I should just think anyone'd have been angry, mother; those wretched swindlers sent a cotton sari, just like the georgette one, and so I was telling them to send the right thing immediately, and giving them a piece of my mind into the bargain." A suspicion of a smile crossed her mother's face, at these words, but all she said was, "come on, let me see this cotton sari."

Surprised at the request, Damyanti led the way to her room again, her mother still smiling that queer little smile, as she followed her elder daughter. Arrived in the room once more, Damyanti opend the box with an angry gesture, and almost tore open the now crumpled tissue paper. What was her amazement now on beholding her beautiful new sari again, which lay where the cotton one had lain so recently? Damyanti's mortification was increased as her mother said sarcastically, "If you'd worn that cotton sari oftener, you'd have recognised it at once, because even Devaki remembered it, and she never wears saris!" then she added, as she walked out of the room, "you'll have to explain matters to the man in the shop now! That's what comes of rushing to conclusions."

... ...

A few minutes later, Devaki was surprised to receive a sweet from her mother, who said, as she gave it, "you're cleverer than I thought you were, child," and then smiled. In a flash, her daughter realised that she was alluding to the trick she had played, and she laughed aloud, while a discomfited Damyanti felt she could never face her sister again—not even in the Wedding Sari!

2. A Tale of a Grannie

The king and his seven sons

By Gadi Rajamani Aiyangar

I remember very clearly that, when I was seven years old and capable of understanding things, I used to trouble my grannie every evening to tell me some story. Among all my younger sisters and brothers, I was her favourite and she always obliged me. It was at dusk that we usually sat round her. She told us ghost stories, which frightened us and made us go to bed and sleep early. I still remember her first story, which thrilled me much.

Once upon a time, there lived a king in a certain town. He had seven sons who daily went hunting and fishing in a forest near by. One day, they brought home seven fish and put them into the sun to dry. In the evening, when they went to pick them up, they found that all except one fish were ready. The king's sons questioned the fish why it had not dried. It said, that the hay-stack had obstructed the sun

from falling on it, and so it could not get dry. Then the king's sons questioned the hay-stack, and it replied that the cow had not eaten it. Next, the cow was questioned and it stated that the cow-boy had not taken her to the hay-stack. The cow-boy, having been questioned, replied that his grannie had not kept his food ready for him. The old woman then accounted for that by saying that a child at home had been crying and so she could not make food ready. The child was in turn asked why it had cried and it replied that an ant had bitten her. The ant said that it had done so in order that the child may not forget, at the time of its own marriage, to give it rice and *dhall*. That was the story, and my grannie wanted us all not to kill ants, but to treat them kindly. Else she said, the ants would be biting us from that time till our marriages, a pretty long period and that we would be very much troubled by them. We all vowed that we should kill as few ants as possible.

As I write this story, an ant has bitten me and I am reminded of my younger days and my promise to my grannie, that I would give the ant its due share of rice and *dhall* at the time of my marriage. But that, alas! I did not do then. Hence, I hope, my children will profit by my story and not forget the ant at the time of their marriages.

3. Three games

Scavenger hunts—Summer at the lake is a delightful time for young children, but I find that, as the weather gets cooler, time hangs heavy on the hands of the older children. Then I find both the Treasure Hunt and the Scavenger Hunt are answers to this problem. The Treasure Hunt is too well known to describe, but the Scavenger Hunt is not quite so well known. I give probably four or five days for this. Each child is given a list of fifteen things to find. At the end of the allotted time I give a party, to which all these children bring their discoveries. Three prizes at least are given. I find the children very enthusiastic about this and it gives them something to do. The articles to be found should not be easy and would vary of course with what can be found in each district. My list would include such things as a five-leaf clover, a minnow, a crab, a copy of a 1923 calendar, a copy of a certain old magazine, and such things.

Colors—Games that can be played without any equipment at all except the players' imagination have proved to be a boon to our family during tedious stretches on long automobile and train journeys. One such game is the naming of colors. Someone chooses a color, blue for instance. Then in turn each player names a specific blue object. Even little children can enter into this play, and it is fun for all ages, because of the constant mental activity which it requires. It is surprising how quickly the game proceeds beyond such items as Bobby's blue suit, Dad's blue necktie, the blue stone in Mother's ring, etc. Then the items become more unusual, such as the blue roof we saw on the new house in Brookdale, the blue oceans on the globe in the library, and the blue lights on the police call-boxes. The one who can list the largest number wins.

Grudges—This is a game that I can play with my children without stopping my work. The first player addresses another with, "I have a grudge against you." To which the one addressed replies with great surprise and much concern, "Why?" Player number one then answers with a short rhyme, such as "You hid a bear in my hair." "You pinned a rose on my nose." The more absurd the idea the better the children like it. The players all take turns in being the person who holds the grudge.

—From *The Parents' Magazine.*

4. Children's Sayings

Four-Year-Old Bobby, who was in bed recovering from an attrack of sore throat, was holding one wrist very earnestly with the other hand. "What are you doing, Bobby?" asked mother. "Just seeing how fast my pulse is," said Bobby. "Well how fast is it?" queried mother. "Oh, about an hour," answered Bobby.

......One evening we invited a little girl, almost five years old, to dinner. We had soup which the child ate very greedily and noisily. We wanted to correct her gently and said, "Sh! Sh! not quite so much noise, please." She looked a trifle bewildered and said, "Why, is somebody sleeping?"

......Jack was full of questions which Mother found at times rather hard to answer. He skipped from one subject to another so fast she could hardly keep up with him. She said, "Jack, I wish you wonld ask questions I could answer." Jack promptly replied, "But Mother, I can answer that kind myself."

—From *The Parents' Magazine.*

BIRD VOICES

HOW pleasant it is to listen to the birds in the early hours of the morning and in the quiet hours of the evening! We may not know what birds they are, though we may have a suspicion. As a matter of fact, few of us prefer, I think, to know exactly, lest we may be disappointed with their appearance, which may not suit their sweet little cries. How they pour out their little hearts! Is it ecstasy with the beautiful in life they express, or heartful gratitude to the Creator, or a longing for the ideal? Perhaps, a harmony of all, which rises to Heaven, as the voices from a trained choir of boys rise from the galleries of a great Cathedral.

When I was young, I loved to hear the fairy tale of *Faithful John*—I think it was called,—in which a good servant was able to save his beloved master's life, only because he understood the language of the birds, which were able to foretell the future. Since then, I have always tried to differentiate the different warblings and chirrups I have heard around me; and I can tell you it is an engrossing avocation.

I have heard these birds at different periods of my life, and each time they seem to be trying to give me a message. Some years ago, what one bird seemed to say was "Be Quick," "Be Quick," and the words suited me then, for I was younger and if I may say so, perkier, as perky as the bird's voice was. At the same time, I was past youth. I felt that my little messenger was telling me to be quick with whatever I was doing of service. "Work, work", cried the cheery voice, "Work hard, for the night is coming, when you can work no more. Life is passing, you will soon be old, and your service cannot be continued. Your hands will be tied against your will by your physical health."

And so it has been. But, did I listen to my little bird's voice then? I am afraid not.

And, now that I am getting really old and weak in health, I hear another bird's voice, which sounds like: "Did you hear?" answered by another "Did you hear?" And infinite are the variations of the accents of these sweet chirpers. "*Did* you hear?" "Did *you* hear?" "Did you *hear*?" What am I to hear? What is the message, which is palpitating through the air for me and for others of my time of life? Perhaps this:

"Do you hear the message of peace, which is coming to you? Perhaps, you do not deserve it, or you feel that you do not deserve it. Perhaps you have done nothing for others; perhaps you have. In any case, it is too late now. But don't be too discouraged. So long as you have been anxious to help, thore is hope for you, even if you have been careless. The sin of sins, is indifference. Have you been indifferent? I hope not. But the greatest of all sins, I think, is that of the Pharisee, which is to be proud that you *have* done something. I am sure you are not that. Whatever you have done, you feel is nothing. Don't you? Yes, I am glad.

"And there is time yet. You can still serve—not actively, but quietly. Milton says:

'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

"So, take heart, and serve, if at least by your quiet acceptance of great ideals and aims, and your avoidance of unworthy ones. Hold up the standard of moral values in this age of casual carelessness and backsliding. Even if you are silent, be nobly silent.

"And take heart, for 'God's in his heaven and all's right with the world."

Hail small-feathered songsters, chirpers of peace and goodwill, little gallant carriers of God's messages to humanity!

—*By An Old Woman.*

THE DOWRY SYSTEM

It seems that this social evil has come to stay, specially in Hindu Society. Yet literally, acceptance of dowry in any form is nothing short of prostitution. The present economic depression, however, instead of mitigating this evil, has intensified it all the more, resulting in miscouplation of units and consequent discontent, disharmony and even desertion. It is obvious that the motive behind is an economic one under a social garb. Even the economic motive is not harnessed to the benefit of the couple, the amount received as dowry being wasted in most cases on unnecessary pomp and show during the marriage function. It cannot be put down by legislation, as it is extremely difficult to bring these cases to book, as is the case of the working of the "Child Marriage Restraint Act of 1930" (Sarda Act).

I think, however, this evil can be mitigated greatly by granting to the daughters the right of inheriting their proper share from the paternal property. This simple price of social legislation, apart from redressing a long-standing grievance of women, will place them on a favourable footing in the matrimonial market, as well as on a good social status. Moreover, there cannot be waste on pomp and show, as nothing in the shape of hard cash will come into the hands of the bridegroom's father, and generally he will not be fool enough to spend from his own pocket. The property thus inherited will be enjoyed by the new couple and the coming generation. If the husband becomes unfaithful or proves a good-for-nothing, the woman need not starve, or cling round her father as a parasite. But sufficient propaganda must be created for this desirable reform.

—*P. Rajeswar Rao.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

1. Children need to be Enjoyed

It was very pleasant to come across an article on this subject in The *Parents' Magazine*. In the modern world, one usually does not consider this side of the child-problem, but worries, not only over the health-matters, which are thought so important for the physical well-being of the child; but also over the formation of good habits, regular rules and correct regulations.

"The whole finding is that pedagogy which has tended to preach the mechanical inculcation of good habits in the young as a primary duty of parents has done considerable damage. Most of it is based in the first place on an erroneous idea of how learning takes place, ignoring the significance of two important elements—'timeliness' and 'satisfaction' in relation to what is taught. Much more dangerous, it ignores the enormous importance of the relationship between parent and child, now regarded as the most important factor in personality development."

The importance of this factor was discovered by a physician, who was in charge of an institution for dependent children. He saw that the little ones under his care did not get on as well as those in their own homes, however poor these were; and having drawn his conclusions, he put up, we are told, a notice that read; "One hour of loving each day." The young human animal, it is believed, needs "a certain amount of patting and stroking, of being smiled at and talked to, of contact with another warm and moving body—all that is commonly implied in expressions of love," thus providing a satisfaction and a tonic, which is necessary for two purposes, viz., a strong development of the emotions, and a proper physical growth. But this enjoyment of children by parents must be spontaneous, not forced, else the fact is at once instinctively realised.

In the first place then, what is needed is an estimation of values, and not too much rigidity of discipline. The author asks :

" Which is more important for four-year-old Billy, that he should get to bed punctually at six o'clock as the book says, or that he should remain up awhile longer and so have a few minutes in which to make his father's acquaintance? Which is more important, that a child should have an exhausting struggle with mother or nurse to insure a dry bed at the age of two, or that he should be wet and happy several months longer? There may be occasions also when a deviation from the best routine for the child is necessary, in order that the mother may have a much needed rest or an outing with her husband. There are no set answers to these questions. They will depend on individual circumstances each time. But it is a good idea for parents to put these questions to themselves and to weigh the values involved in terms of their child and their own home."

Then, there must be knowledge. It should be recognised that training in good habits is best inculcated, not when too young—as usually believed—but when the child has spontaneously matured a little and so can understand the conditions laid down. Take the case of thumb-sucking; we need not worry too much over the habit during the first year of life, for it is a natural habit. It is enough, if such is discontinued before the coming of the second teeth, for then any malformation caused in teeth or jaw, rights itself. As a matter of fact, thumb-sucking is naturally given up before five years of age.

Hence, demands on young ones should be made in the second or third years of life.

" A child's training, then, must be a fine balance of gratifications and frustrations— of giving and demanding; carefully timed to his capacity to take the next step. It is this balancing and this timing, which comprise the science and the art of child-rearing, and both knowledge and skill are required. Few parents, for example, realize that a child's ability to perform a given task develops earlier than his capacity for taking the responsibility for doing it. Few of the good habits or good traits which we covet for our children are 'instilled once and for all.' They develop slowly over the years, with many an infringement and many a setback."

At the same time, there need not be a complete giving up of the parents' time to the children, nor should there be over-indulgence, or over-protection. The child will instinctively learn that his parents can refuse, as well as allow or give. The principles of trust and confidence and security, thus encouraged, lead to the formation of correct habits; and this, be it noted, is not so easy in rigidly-trained, but unloved children; but not difficult to those "whose parents welcome them into the world and rejoice actively in their existence." At the same time, it must not be forgotten that such habits need example, which is for the parents to provide; for "authority becomes acceptable to children only when the person who administers it understands their needs and capacities at various stages and, even more important, actively cares what becomes of them."

If we wonder why old-fashioned parents insist that they were much better trained than the moderners, because of the use of the stick, we must also recognise that with this method of physical condition also went the close confidential relationship of trust and love and care, in which the parents grew up among their children—"shared experiences in work and play, combined with a high standard of honour and personal integrity, which made up the atmosphere of home."

More, of course, depends on the mothers than on the fathers. If these are true to their old traditions, they will not come to regard parenthood as "just another kind of profession, or fail to come to terms with their biological role and make the mistake of taking their children as so many jobs to be performed with competence and efficiency;" but as "a relationship springing from instinctive needs and physical experiences as deep as life, which, before any other approach can become effective, must be accepted on this level."

2. Childhood Problems

Ted was a born runaway. Nothing I did seemed to end his taking it into his little head that he wanted to go far beyond the confines of his own yard and front walk. I tried to figure out what made this urge and sometimes he told me it was because he wanted to hear what made the music down the street, or he wanted to see the river flowing again, or he heard there was a waggon in a store window. I could see the idea of disobeying was not in his mind,

rather a curiosity he wanted to satisfy. I then and there said I liked to see these things, too, and asked if he would take me with him every time he wanted to go. For some time I dropped my work and we went here and there, then I let him plan little trips in more convenient hours and soon the habit of slipping away was gone.

*

When I went across the continent to take charge of an eight-year-old niece I had never seen, I found that she had been coaxed to eat and worried over until she had an abnormal idea of herself. I decided I must not only teach her to eat properly, but must put the whole question of food into its right place in the scheme of things. My first step was to banish all cake, candy and pickles. Next, I found out the few wholesome things she liked to eat. To my great satisfaction, one of these was cheese. I never urged her to eat, but I sat up nights searching for recipes that included cheese, milk and eggs, or all three. Even so, habit was strong, and the child's father kept up his worrying about her appetite. It was at lunch, when we two were alone, that the crisis came. Rather noisily, she refused to eat a thing. "Then you may have a nice glass of water," I said, in my pleasantest voice. Her dark eyes flashed with temper. I was an interloper, trying to deprive her of what belonged to her! Without loss of time, she ate a good lunch. After that, she gradually learned to eat without detailing to the neighbours what she had eaten that day. In a few months' time, she had gained flesh and lost much of her irritability. The most important part of the cure seemed to be my own lack of fear. I felt sure she would eat wholesome food when she got hungry, if unwholesome foods and between-meal snacks were not allowed her.

*

My Daughter, aged twelve, seemed to be very self-conscious, but it manifested itself in almost boisterousness. If I had guests, she would talk loudly and was very apt to disobey what I might ask of her. This action was so opposite from her real self, that I began to analyze the situation. I decided to have her help with receiving and serving whenever we had guests. The change was remarkable. In her effort to do her best she forgets herself completely.

*

There are five children in the Smith family, a boy, seventeen, twin girls, sixteen, a girl, fourteen, and a boy, thirteen. They used to annoy their parents almost beyond endurance, everlastingly asking them to buy this and to buy that. Because of necessity, the parents had to say *no* most of the time, which caused endless discontent. "You're just stingy," the youngsters would often remark. "I don't see why we can't have nice things like everybody else". The parents finally decided to take the boys and girls into their financial confidence, explaining exactly how income and outgo had to agree with one another, and how it was impossible to conjure funds out of nowhere. When the children understood what it cost to pay for taxes, coal, food and other fundamentals, they realized what folly it was to expect their parents to give them bicycles, trips and fancy clothes. Being treated like adults, they acted like adults in business matters, and so, when they wanted extras, they went out and earned their own money.

*

To acquaint my daughter with little niceties of deportment, etc., and have them remembered without the lecturing note so disliked by the *teen* age, I started a scrap book for her. I keep it in mind in reading, or listening to the radio. Bits of advice and philosophy which lose some weight in the telling have a lasting impression when found again in this book—which is always a pleasure to look through. Types of voices, charms, little social amenities, a poem to cherish, bits of humour: that book is popular, not only with Jean, but her friends, too. I've heard her reading it aloud to them several times. It carries the gentle emphasis of outside comment.

*

Ned had always been a poor student, and could never see any reason why he should go to school. He had a very bright mind, but was content just to get through the grade without making any effort. When sixteen and not yet through high school he, secured a job at manual labour for the summer. This job paid him only ten cents an hour for ten hours a day. At first he was thrilled over his job, but the other boys, who were of the labouring type, with whom he had to work, soon began to grate on him. Their ignorance was an eye-opener to him. Much to the surprise of his parents, one night at the dinner table, he stated with

emphasis, "Well, you may not send me to college, but I tell you now I am going if I have to work my way through, for I don't intend to be a day labourer all my life." This experience taught him far more than all the arguing and lecturing could possibly have done. He is now in college: he has a good attitude; and gives every indication of making a fine record. And he has the satisfaction of knowing that he made his own choice without being coerced in any way by the family.

*

Our younger son, Harod, was developing an inferiority complex. He could not play games or spin tops with other boys his age, without getting angry and crying. If we corrected him or asked him to do any work he began to cry. In everything he was a very nervous child. I took him to three doctors but all told me he was well and probably needed spanking. Finally we took him to an eye specialist in a near-by city. He found the trouble to be eye-strain. After six months' treatment he is a healthy, happy boy. He has improved in his school work and no longer feels inferior to boys his age.

*

During the remodelling of our home last summer, our two children and the neighbourhood five, all under nine, wished to assist and succeeded in being very much in the way. After several attempts to interest them elsewhere failed, I tried the following plan. An invitation crayoned on cardboard read: "Will you join our carpenter's crew? Report to Boss Bill (under the apple tree), 10 A.M. today. Wear overalls. Bring 1 cent for nails, hammer, boxes, boards or bushel basket ends. Lunch in bag. Whistle blows at 2 P.M." As each boy arrived, he drew a name. Under the name "Bill" was the word "Boss." With his name was a whistle and instructions for his men. Several building projects followed, keeping "the men" well occupied during the time when they might have interfered with the real carpenters' work.

—From *The Parents' Magazine.*

3. A Vow

I shall not fling
My strong, my deadly noose of years
About the neck of youth,
Nor with my flagging life and graying hairs
Tether him from his choice.
But, smiling, I shall free him,
Remembering anew
The swift keen whirr of hope,
The tensing muscle, the ecstatic breath,
With which, long, long ago
I leapt into my race.
And, though he run an alien course,
I shall not call him back,—
I shall rejoice.

—*Selected.*

Cookery Notes

Banana Milkad

½ ripe banana,	½ teaspoon brown sugar, or
4 oz. milk,	¼ teaspoon honey.

Scrape and mash the banana with a fork or puree through a sieve. Add the sweetening and banana to the milk and whip this mixture with an egg beater. The milk should be about room temperature. For prune milkade, use two heaping teaspoons of canned prune pulp and no sweetening. For orange milkade, use the juice of half an orange.

Chocolate Eggnog

¼ cup sugar,	1 egg,
¼ cup water,	½ cup milk,

2 tablespoons cocoa.

Mix together sugar and cocoa, add water and cook together, stirring, for two or three minutes. Beat the egg thoroughly, pour hot chocolate mixture over it, stirring constantly, and add the milk. Serve warm or cold.

Banana Sherbet

3 large ripe bananas,	1 cup heavy cream,
2 tablespoons lemon juice,	½ cup sugar,
	½ cup water,

Juice of 2 oranges.

Boil the sugar and water together for 3 minutes. Cool and add the mashed bananas. Mix with fruit juices and syrup. Turn into the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator, or into a rotary-type ice cream freezer. Freeze until almost solid, stir well and add cream, whipped, and freeze until solid.

Ice Cream Pie

2 sliced peaches, fresh or canned,
1 pint ice cream,
5 egg whites,
½ cup granulated sugar.

Make a plain pastry and bake it in individual pie or tart pans. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar a little at a time and beat again to make a fluffy meringue. Put a portion of peaches in each tart-shell, cover with a spoonful of ice cream and cover over completely with a large spoonful of meringue. Place under the broiler in a preheated oven to brown the meringue quickly. Serve at once. Six portions.

Corn Fritters with Jelly

1 egg,
1 cup milk,
1 cup cooked corn,
1½ cups flour,
½ teaspoon salt,
4 tsp. baking powder,
12 strips thinly sliced bacon,
Currant jelly.

Beat egg, add milk and corn; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Line 12 muffin tins with the strips of bacon. Fill with batter. Bake in a hot oven about 30 minutes. Turn upside down to serve and top each with a spoonful of tart jelly. Serves 6.

Apple Crunch

4 or 5 medium tart apples,
½ cup brown sugar,
½ cup white sugar
½ cup butter,
½ cup rolled oats.

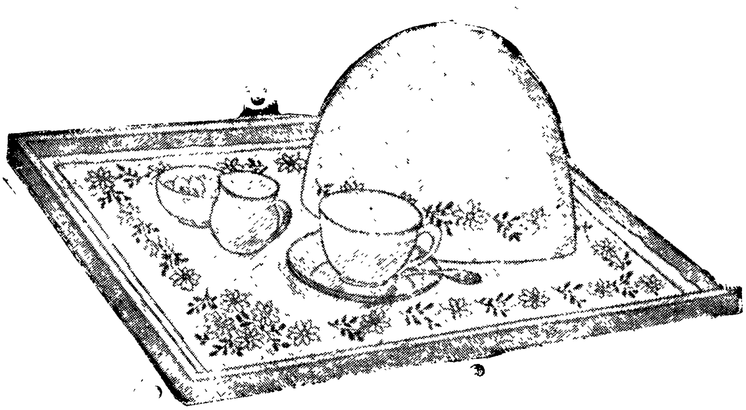
Peel and slice the apples as for pie. Arrange them in a buttered baking dish, sprinkling each layer of fruit with a little of the mixed sugar. If the apples are juicy, add no water, but if not, add ½ cup water. Mix together the rolled oats, the mixed sugar and butter and spread over the top of the apples. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are done. Serve warm with plain or whipped cream.

— From *The Parents' Magazine*.

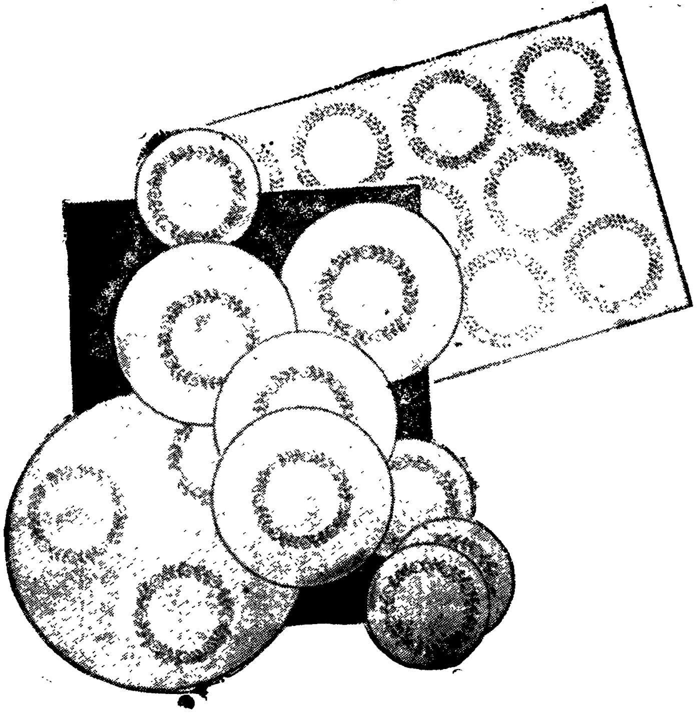
Needlework Notes

I. *TWO TRANSFER SUGGESTIONS:*

1. A DAISY DESIGN



The cloth can be pale-blue, and the design in green for the leaves and in white for the flowers with yellow French-knot centres, with a single pink stitch over the tip of each petal; or the daisies can be in shades of yellow on pale-yellow linen.



2. ROSE DESIGN

This attractive set of dinner mats is in blue, with rose-circles worked in the centres of the mats. Choose deep pink for the roses and a soft green for the leaves and stems.

—From *Dress and Beauty.*

II. QUILTING

SUGGESTIONS FOR A NIGHT-DRESS SACHET

Materials: Four pieces of silk 16 inches, by 13 inches, and a piece each of flannel and muslin the same size; a reel of sewing silk; 2 yards of piping cord and strips of silk to cover it; and transfer design.

A Method: Iron off the design from the transfer sheet on to the muslin. Now lay the muslin and silk together, with the flannel between them. (The right side of the silk should be face downwards.) Tack them together firmly all round and then lightly across to keep the silk firmly in place.

Now outline the whole of design with tiny running stitches working on the muslin side, through all three thicknesses. Keep the stitches as even as possible.

To make up the sachet, line the oblong of quilted silk with an oblong of quilted silk with an oblong of plain silk. Do this by seaming along three sides and leaving one long side open. (This will be finished later.) Turn right side out.

For the back of the sachet, join the two remaining oblongs of silk together round three sides, leaving one long side open.

Back the quilted half of sachet with the plain half, inserting the covered piping cord between, except at the open side. Neaten the remaining raw edges at each side of the opening of the sachet by inserting the piping between the two layers of silk, folding in the raw edges and slip-stitching them neatly.

—From *Dress and Beauty*

Christmas Shelter

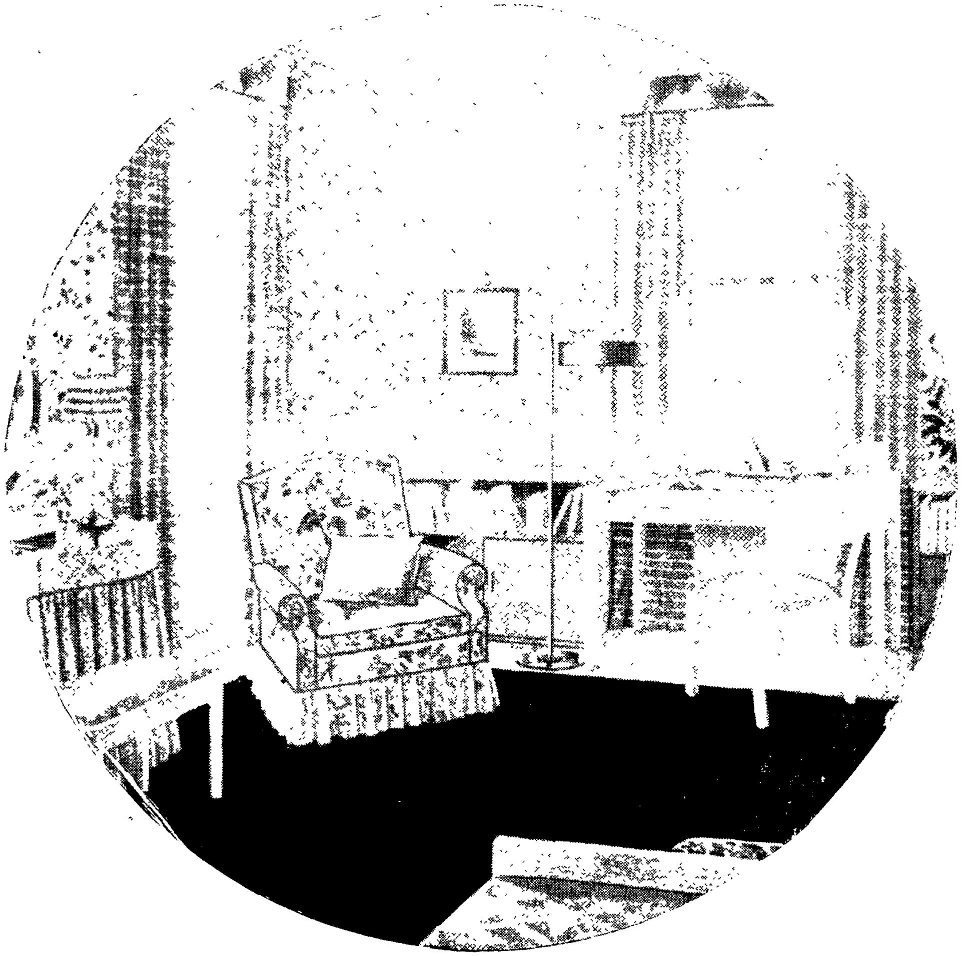
LO, there the wonder-star of prophecy!
The song of angels swells in temple bells.
Arise, and let us unto Bethlehem,
Unto the manger of humility,
Where the Master lies a helpless little child,
With naught to clothe Him save His purity
And innocence. 'Mid th' diabolic yells
And fires and scrambles of the world so wild
He's come, not with a sceptre and diadem,
To save the earth from greed of wealth and power,
But th' meekness of a babe and th' tenderness of a flower,
And th' defenceless confidence of selfless love.
Arise, take shelter 'neath the wings o' this Dove.

Susi P. David.

Household Hints

By Annette

How delightful it will be for a young girl to have a room of her very own. She can furnish it and decorate it as she likes. Here is a picture of one from *The Parents' Magazine.* windows; the dressing-table between two windows to get a good light, the desk and reading chairs in a good light, both at day and night, and the easy-chair by the window. A good suggestion would be to have bookshelves, built into recesses, with a cup-board for accumulations and odds and ends, on either side of the desk. The shelves can be painted blue or apricot. The dressing-table can be covered with a silky cloth of apricot and blue with equipments in the same colours.



Beautiful colours can be chosen, such as rich shades of apricot for the curtains and the upholstery, and blue for the rug, mixed with notes of blue and apricot, for the bed-spread and cushions. The shade from the lamp can be a mixture of the colours. The bed should be placed under, or between,

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

September, 1937

1. Miss Evans, Palaghat
2. Md. Hafizullah Esq., Harunakonda
3. Dr. Ratnavelu, Ceylon
4. Mrs. Lazarus Sreenivasagam, Tinnevelly
5. Mrs. K. Suryanarayana, Vizianagaram.

October, 1937

1. Mrs. Adiseshayya, Vellore
2. Begum Sultan Amiruddin, Mangalore
3. Miss E. Andrews, Calcutta
4. Miss A. Basu, Calcutta
5. Mrs. Lakshmi Bai Chunder, Tellicherry
6. Mrs. Dutt, Calcutta
7. Susi P. David, Esq., Palamcottah
8. Mrs. Rustomji Faridoonji, Hyderabad
9. Rao Bahadur M. R. Ry., G. Govindachari Avl., Madras
10. S. Govindarajulu Esq., Madras
12. Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur Saheba, Simla
13. Mrs. M. Kesava Pai, Madras
14. Mrs. Poonan Lukose, Trivandrum
15. Miss Mc Dougall, Madras
15. Mrs. W. R. C. Paul, Ceylon
16. Mrs. A. S. Rajkumar, Bangalore
17. C. Ramachandra Rao Esq., Vizianagaram
18. Miss Simon, Madras
19. Boddu Sanyasayya Dora Esq., Vizianagaram
20. J. V. Suryanarayana Esq., Vizianagaram
21. Dr. M. Sundari Bai, Vizianagaram
22. Capron Hall School, Madura
23. Board High School, Quilandy
24. Mrs. Thandu Mudaliar, Hospet
25. Miss Vijayam Netthiar, Kavalappara
26. Mrs. Valliammal, Madras
27. Mrs. K. R. Vedamuthu, Salem
28. Mrs. Vasudevan, Calicut
29. Mrs. Viswanadhan, Balliguda
30. The Zamindar of Idayakottai.

OUR TELUGU SECTION

భారతస్త్రీల పరమధర్మము

శ్రీమతి విజయలక్ష్మీ పండిట్ గారు

[సంయుక్తరాష్ట్రముల స్థానికసంస్థలయు, ఆరోగ్యశాఖయొక్కయు మంత్రి.]

స్త్రీసమస్యనుగూర్చి నాయభిప్రాయము లెట్టివి అని పత్రికావిలేఖకులు నితరులును పదే పదే నన్నడుగుచున్నారు. ఒక్కొక్కసారియు నిట్టిప్రార్థనలు స్త్రీలకర్తవ్య మేమియని నాకు విస్మయము కల్గించుచున్నవి.

స్వరాజ్యమునకయి పోరాటముసలుపుచున్న మనయట్టిదేశములో అసలుండున దొకే ప్రశ్న—కూడినంత శీఘ్రకాలములో స్వాతంత్ర్యమును సంపాదించుట అనునది. ఇతర ప్రశ్నలకు తావులేదు.

కాని స్త్రీసమస్య యెట్లయినను బయలుదేరుచునే యున్నది. దానికి నేను పరిష్కారపూర్వక ప్రత్యుత్తర మొసగుట సమంజసమే యగును.

అసలు సమస్య ఇది. సంఘములో స్త్రీయొక్క సరియైన స్థానమెద్ది? సంఘమునకును, దేశమునకును స్త్రీ యెట్లు తోడ్పడగలదు?

పరమావధివిషయమున అభిప్రాయ భేదములు తప్పవు.

స్త్రీబహిఃప్రపంచ మెట్టిదియో యెరయ నేరక వంటయిల్లేమో, బిడ్డల కని పెంచుటేమో తప్ప అన్యమెఱుగని స్థితినుండి అభివృద్ధి మార్గమున మన మెంతోదూరము ప్రయాణము సాగించితిమి ; కాని నేడు స్త్రీ ఒక ప్రత్యేక వ్యవస్థకు మాత్రమే యరికట్టబడక వ్యావహారికముగనైనను కొంత స్వాతంత్ర్యమును సంపాదించుకొనియున్నది.

అయినను, ఆమెను పూర్వము బానిసస్థితిలో నుంచిన అనేక ప్రాచీన నిషేధములు క్రొత్తవేషములతో తిరుగా నేటికి పొడసూపుచు నామె పురోవృద్ధికి నిరోధము కల్పించుట చూచుచునే యున్నాము.

నేటి విద్యావిధానము ప్రపంచవ్యవస్థలో స్త్రీని తన వ్యక్తిత్వము నెఱుపుకొని ఒక స్థాన మాక్రమించుకొనునట్లు చేయక గృహమునకు గాని దేశమునకుగాని అక్కఱకురాని కేవల సంఘాలంకారముగా నగుటకు తోడ్పడుచున్నది. అంతే. (ఇది ఒక్క భారతదేశమునకుమాత్రము సంబంధించిన వాక్యము).

* * * *

ప్రస్తుత సంఘావస్థలో నాగరకత యింకను పురుషాయత్తమే. విషయవ్యవస్థలందు స్త్రీ యింకను తనకు దక్కవలసిన స్థాన మాక్రమించలేదు. నాగరకతకు పురుషు డెంత అవసరమో స్త్రీయు నంత ముఖ్యమే. నేడు ఆమె పురుషుని స్వార్థపరత్వమును అంతమొందింప పోరిడుటేగాక నాగరకతా విషయమునసైతము గల పురుషుని ప్రాబల్యమును ధిక్కరించుటకు పూనుకొన్నది.

వంశమును నిలుపుటకు బిడ్డల కనుటతో స్త్రీ కర్తవ్యము ముగియదు ; కాని ఆపిల్లల నెట్లు పెంచిన వారు దైహికముగను మానసికముగను పూర్ణారోగ్యము కల్గియుందురో దాని నెఱుగవలయును.

సత్యమును గ్రహించి యెన్ని నష్టకష్టముల పాలయినను దాని విడకుండునట్లు పిల్ల

లకు గుణము నేర్పు బాధ్యత స్త్రీదే.

గృహనిర్మాణ మొక్కటే స్త్రీ బాధ్యతగా పూర్వముండెను. ముందంజవైచి ప్రభుత్వమును చక్కపఱచుట కెందుకు స్త్రీ పూనుకోరాదు ?

ఈవఱకు స్త్రీలు పరమార్థచింతలే. ఇక మీద 'ఇదమిత్థమ్' అను నిర్ణయసామర్థ్యము వారికి కలుగవలెను.

ఇట్లు చక్కని విషయములందు వారు ఆరితేరినవారు గనుక వ్యవహారములు కూడా నడపుటకు తెలిసికోవలెను.

* * *

"గృహనిర్మాణమొక్కటే స్త్రీబాధ్యతగా పూర్వముండెను. ఇపుడు ముందంజవైచి ప్రభుత్వము చక్కపఱచుటకెందుకు స్త్రీ పూనుకోరాదు ? నారీమణియొక్క ప్రతిభ లలితకళాసంబంధ విజ్ఞానార్జన మాత్రమేగాక రాజ్యాంగము నడుపుటయందు సైతము వెల్లడికావలయునని భవిష్యత్తు వచించునేమో ? ప్రయత్నించిన ప్రపంచమును అందముగను, నివాసయోగ్యముగను ధర్మబద్ధముగను స్త్రీ చేయగలదు."

కావున నారీమణియొక్క ప్రతిభ లలిత కళాసంబంధ విజ్ఞానార్జన మాత్రమేగాక రాజ్యాంగము నడపుటయందు సైతము వెల్లడికావలయునని భవిష్యత్తు వచించునేమో ! ఇది స్త్రీ సమస్యాపరిష్కారమునకు సరియగు సూచనయని ఇప్పుడే సిద్ధాంతము చేయలేము. కానీ ఒక మహోన్నతాశయము సిద్ధించుటకిది మార్గదర్శకము కాగలదు.

గృహనిర్మాణమున ఆరితేరినచేయి స్త్రీగా నుండనిండు. ఇంటిని కళావంతముగను, ఆనందముగను ఒనర్పనిండు ; కాని ముఖ్యతర విషయములందును వారి యీ ప్రతిభ ప్రతిబింబించునట్లు చూడవలయును.

ప్రపంచమును సైతము అందముగను, సంతోషదాయకముగను, నివాసయోగ్యముగను, ధర్మబద్ధముగను వారిని చేయనిండు.

హిందూస్త్రీల గొప్పవిశేషము, ధైర్యముతో తనధర్మమును నెఱవేర్చుటలోనే గలదని ప్రపంచమునకు వారు చాటుదురుగాక !

స్త్రీయొక్క ధర్మవర్తనమే మనకు తుదకు విజయము చేకూర్చగలదు. (I. W.)

—From *Grihalakshmi.*

దంపుడుబియ్యమా, లేక మరబియ్యమా ? ఏవి మంచివి ?

గాదె రాజామణి అయ్యంగారు, విజయనగరం

సర్వమానవ ప్రపంచమునకు ముఖ్యమైనది భోజనసౌఖ్యము. మన భారతీయులు ఆదినుండియు దంపుడుబియ్యము నుపయోగించుచు, దీర్ఘాయురారోగ్యవంతులై తనరుచుండిరి. చిరకాలమునుండియు భారతదేశీయులకు ఐశ్వర్యదాయకమై యున్న భోజనపదార్థము దంపుడుబియ్యమే.

ఈ దంపుడుబియ్యము మంచి గుణములను కలిగియున్నవి. వీనియందు తవుడు, నరములకు సత్తువ నిచ్చు పదార్థములతో (phosphates) గూడియున్నది. ఈతవుడే యీ బియ్యముయొక్క ఘనతకు మూలకారణము. దంపుడుబియ్యమునందుండు తవుడుయొక్క ప్రభావముచే బాల్యదశనుండియు యీఅన్నమును

తినువారు వారివారి వయస్సునకు తగిన శరీర దార్ఢ్యముగలవారై, జఠరాగ్ని మొదలగు దివ్యఫలితములు గలవారై వర్థిల్లుచుందురు. సమశీతలత్వమును ప్రసాదించుటయందును యీ బియ్యము అగ్రస్థానము వహించి, శరీరమున కెరోగమును రానీయక, మిక్కిలి జీర్ణశక్తిని కల్గించుటయందు ప్రసిద్ధికెక్కియున్నవి. దంపుడుబియ్యముతో వండిన అన్నము భుజించుట వలన deficiency diseases ఏమియు రావు. యింతేకాక యీదంపుడుబియ్యమువలన యీ దిగువ నుదహరించిన లాభములుకూడ యున్నవి.

(1) బీదలగు కూలివాండ్రు యీ ధాన్యమును దంపుచు, శాశ్వతవృత్తులు కలిగి, జార, చోరత్వములయందు పాల్గొనరు. దేశమునకు ప్రజాశాంతి కలుగును.

(2) ఈకూలివాండ్రు తెల్లవారుఝామున వడ్లుదంపునపుడు పాడు శ్రావ్యమైన పాటలు వారియుత్సాహమును దెలుపుచు శయనించియున్న వారి కరుణోదయస్నానార్థమై ఏర్పడిన మేలుకొలుపుగా, దేశీయుల సోమరితనమును దునిమి ఐశ్వర్యదాయకములై యొప్పారును.

(3) దంపుడుబియ్యమువలన వచ్చు చిట్టు, తవుడు పశువులకు చాలా ప్రీతిగానుండి, పశువుల కారోగ్యదాయకముగా నుండును. ఈ చిట్టు, తవుడు తిను ఆవులయొక్క క్షీరము, దానివలన అగు పెరుగు, నెయ్యి మొదలైన వన్నియు బలము కలిగినవై, ప్రజలకు దీర్ఘాయువు నొసంగును. పశువులువేయు పేడ పొలముల కెరువుగా వుపయోగించుచో శ్రేష్టమైన పంటలు పండును. దంపుడుచిట్టు, తవుడు తిను పశువులు రోగముల జిక్కక చిరకాలము ఆరోగ్యముగా నుండును.

ఇట్టి ఫలితములతోగూడి భారతదేశమందు ప్రజలకును, పశ్వాదులకును దీర్ఘాయువును గల్గించు ప్రధానమైయున్న దంపుడు బియ్యమును యీధాన్యపు ఫ్యాక్టరీలు సుమారు 30 సంవత్సరములనుండియు వ్యాప్తినొంది, పట్టణములనుండియు, వ్యాపారస్థలములనుండియు దూరముగా తరుముచున్నవి. ఇందువలననే "Back to the village" అను గొప్ప ఆందోళన పట్టణప్రజలు చేయుచున్నారు. ఈ ఫ్యాక్టరులు ఆవిరి సహాయముతో నడుపబడుటచే కొద్దికాలములోనే అనేక ధాన్యమును బియ్యముగా మార్చగలవు. ఈ ఫ్యాక్టరం బియ్యమునుండి తవుడు పూర్తిగా తొలగిపోవును. అందువలన దాని సహజ సుగుణములను గోల్పోవును. ఇందుచే ప్రజలకు అనేక రోగములు కలుగుచున్నవి. మరబియ్యము దంపుడుబియ్యము కన్న తెల్లగా ప్రకాశించుచుండుటచే ప్రజలు వ్యామోహపడి వీటినే వాడుచున్నారు. మనిషినిగాని, వస్తువునుగాని సుగుణములు లేనివి గ్రహించుట మిక్కిలి దోషము. నేటి నవనాగరకతాప్రపంచమున నాగరికతతోపాటు ఫ్యాక్టరీలుకూడ నానాటికి పెరిగిపోవుచున్నవి. ఈ బియ్యమెంత ప్రమాదకరమైనవో, వీటివలన వచ్చు తవుడు, చిట్టు మొదలైనవికూడ అట్టివే. ఫ్యాక్టరీయజమాని కుబేరులగుచున్నారు. బీదలగు కూలివాండ్రు వున్నపాటి వృత్తులులేక దారిద్ర్య మనుభవించుచున్నారు. ఇంతేకాక యీ ఫ్యాక్టరీలలో పనిచేయు కూలివాండ్రు ఆవిరి యంత్రములవల్ల కలుగు వేడి, ధూళి మొదలగు వాటిని పీల్చుటచే శ్వాసకోశములు చెడిపోయి క్షయ, గుండెజబ్బు, కండ్లజబ్బు మొదలగు రోగముల పాలగుచున్నారు. ఇదేకాక ఫ్యాక్టరీయంత్రములు పైదేశములనుండి తెప్పించుట వలన భరతదేశమునుండి లక్షలకొలది ధనము

పోవుచున్నది. మన దేశము, ప్రజ నాశన మగుచున్నది.

గాన యింకనైనను ప్రజా, దేశ అరిష్ట దాయకమగు ఫ్యాక్టరీబియ్యమును వదలి, దంపుడుబియ్యమునే ఉపయోగించెదరుగాక యని భారత సోదర సోదరీమణుల కెల్లరకు విన్నవించుచున్నాను. న్యూఒరిస్సా, గంజాం జిల్లాల యందు యీఫ్యాక్టరీలు లేనేలేవు. అచ్చటివారెల్లప్పుడును దంపుడుబియ్యమునే వాడుచు, సుఖముగా నున్నారు. రానురాను యీవిశాఖపట్టణముజిల్లా మొదలుకొని ఫ్యాక్టరీలు పట్టణమునకు పదేసిచొప్పున బయలుదేరినవి. ఇంటికి నలుగురేసి జబ్బువాళ్లు ప్రబలుచున్నారు. బియ్యముకొను ప్రతివారును తమతమ వ్యాపారస్థులను దంపుడుబియ్యమే కావలెనని అడిగినచో అవియే యెక్కువ చెల్లునను వుద్దేశముతో అవే యెక్కువగా తెప్పించి వ్యాపారము చేయుదురు. అందువలన ప్రజాసౌకర్యము, వ్యాపారాభివృద్ధి రెండును కలుగును.

నాగరకత నేర్చుకొనుట అనగా నాలుగు సంగతులు తెలిసికొని మంచి, చెడ్డ తారతమ్యమును గ్రహించి, అట్లు నడుచుకొనిన పక్షముననే నాగరకతావలంబకులన జెల్లును గాని, అవినీతికరములు, అనారోగ్యకరములగు పనుల నాచరించిన నాగరకత అనిపించుకొననేరదు. ఇందుకుగాను ప్రతిపట్టణమందును, గ్రామములందును పరిశ్రమసంఘములను స్థాపించి, దంపుడుబియ్యము తయారుచేయించిన చాలా ఉపయోగకరముగా నుండునని నా అభిప్రాయము.

గాన భారతీయు లెల్లరు భావిసౌభాగ్య ప్రయత్నముల సల్పుచు, దీర్ఘాయురారోగ్యులై ప్రకాశించెదరు గాక.

ప్రేమ

గీ॥ కేలు కేల్వట్టి క్రిందికి వ్రేలుచుండ
తళుకుచూపులు నిశ్చలత్వమును జెంద
చిత్రములరతి మేనులు చేష్టలుడుగ
గలసికొంటిమి పొదరింట దొలుత మనము.

గీ॥ నిండుచంద్రుడు నభమున న్మెరయుచుండె
పండువెన్నెల పుచ్చపూపగిది వెలసె
నెందుజూచిన నిశ్శబ్ద మేలుచుండె
విరుల నెత్తావిగాంచు దెమ్మెరలువీచె.

గీ॥ ధరణిబడియుండె మురళి నేనరయకుంట
ముగియలేదింక నీకూర్చు పూలసరము
గడపితిమి నాల్గుయామము ల్గడియలోన
కలికి మనప్రేమ కెన జగంబులను గలదె.

గీ॥ తలిరు చెంగావిపావడ దాల్చి నీవు
కనుల బ్రత్యక్షమైన లోకంబు మరతు
కుసుమమాలిక జేసి నాకొసగినపుడు
పొగడుగాంచినభాతి యుప్పొంగుచుండు.

గీ॥ మూసి తెరచుట, యిచ్చితే పుచ్చుకొనుట
వంటిదికదె సతీ! మనవలపు తలప
కొన్ని చిరునవ్వులాపైని కొంతసిగ్గు
పిదప తీయని వ్యగ్రంపు పెనగొకింత.

గీ॥ ప్రస్తుతముకంటె వేరె మర్మంబు గనము
చెల్లనేరని కోర్కెలచెంత జనము
కాని చింతల సుఖమును కలచికొనము
కలికి మనప్రేమకెన జగంబులను గలదె.

గీ॥ కర్రికందని ఫలముల కర్రిసాచ
మెంతదొరకిన నదియె సంతృప్తినొసగు
తుదకు వెతబుట్టువరకు సంతోషవార్ధి
తరచ మెప్పుడు మితికల్గి తిరుగుచుంట.

గీ॥ కూడి రాత్రులు మనము మాట్లాడువేళ
పెరుగుచుండు రహస్యము ల్తరుగులేక
నీవు చెవిచెంత గుసగుస వోవునపుడు
పలుకు పలుకున మరి తేనె లొలుకుచుండు.

గీ॥ నిన్ను గూడిన దివసంబు నిముసమగును
క్షణము బాసిన యుగమట్లు కష్టమగును
వెలికి జెప్పక చిత్తంబు విశదమగును
కలికి, మన ప్రేమకెన జగంబులను గలదె.

—కర్రి సూర్యనారాయణ.

Lovers of Indian Education should read

EDUCATIONAL INDIA

A MONTHLY RECORD OF EDUCATION FOR DIFFERENT PROVINCES AND STATES

Editor: Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya

Prof. A. R. Wadia, B.A. (Cantab.), Bar-at-Law, Secretary, Inter-University Board, writes:

'I am really happy to learn that *Educational India* has met with the appreciation of so many people. I cannot but add my humble voice to their appreciation of the useful service your Journal is rendering for the discussion of educational topics.'

Mrs. A. E. Harper, M.A., Moga, says:

'We enjoy reading your excellent magazine., You have printed several articles of importance *for educational thought and progress.*

'Educational India' Office

INLAND RS. 3/- MASULIPATAM (S. INDIA) FOREIGN RS. 5/-

TO LET

MIRACULOUS TREATMENT

for general ailments among the weaker sex.

Why hesitate to avail yourselves of Dr. SUBBA REDDY'S Treatment. When he is the Pioneer Specialist to cure women's disorders, and other ailments in general in any stage and in any age without the chance of a relapse.

A trial will convince victims that the treatment excels all other patent medicines.

Apply to : **Messrs. REDDY & CO.,**

GOPALAPURAM P.O., (EAST GODAVARY DT.)

The "Young Builder"

A CULTURAL ENGLISH MONTHLY

Edited by **Mr. JAMSHED N. R. MEHTA & H. C. KUMAR**

Subscription Rs. 2 per year

Apply to the Manager :

"THE YOUNG BUILDER"

Sevakunj, Rambaugh Road, **KARACHI.**

'The Children's News'

A MAGAZINE FOR INDIAN BOYS & GIRLS

Every issue is crammed full of just the things they naturally like and want

Editors : **Srimati Aruna Asafali; Sjt. R. Raman.**

Has its Hindi Edition "**BAL-JIWAN**" for boys and girls who do not know English. Send for sample copies at once.

Hundreds are joining as subscribers to this illustrious monthly.

Let your boy or girl join at once.

Annual Subscription Rs. 2-8 only.

Send six annas stamps for the New Year Special Number.

Sample copy from :

THE MANAGER, **'The Children's News,'**

EGERTON ROAD, (Nai Sarak) DELHI.